She was ſaying ſomething much like that, when the Knock at the Door ſtopped her. Who is there? cried ſhe in the ſame Breath, and without getting up bawled, who knocks at the Door? Some body anſwered, in a Voice that I thought myſelf no Stranger to. I believe it is Mr. *De Climal*, ſaid I. Do you think ſo, ſaid ſhe, haſtening to the Door? And it proved as I had gueſſed.

Lord, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I aſk a thouſand Pardons. Indeed I ſhould have made much more haſte, had I thought it was you. We were at Table, *Marianne* and I. We are all alone in the Houſe. *Johny* (which was her Son) is with his Aunt, who is to take him to the Fair this Afternoon. For the Rogue is continually abroad there, eſpecially on all Holidays. *Maggy* (which was her Maid) is gone to her Couſin's Wedding, and I told her to Day, ſhe might go thither. Couſin's Weddings don't happen every Day, ſaid I, but then you muſt not go abroad again a great while. Then again, *Toinon* is gone to viſit her Mother, who, poor Woman! does not ſee her often. She lives ſo far from us! it is in troth as far as——. The Girl muſt trot, and even run, to get thither and back. And ſo much the better: For my part, I am very glad of it; for it makes her ſtay at Home; ſo that I was quite alone, ſtaying

for

for *Marianne*, who by the way has been ſo ſimple, as to get a Fall as ſhe came home from Church, and has hurt her Foot, ſo that ſhe could not walk, and was forced to be carried to a Houſe juſt by, to get her Foot ſearched by a Surgeon, who was not juſt in the Way, as you may gueſs. Then he muſt get thither; and then ſee what the Matter was. The Girl muſt have her Shoes and Stockings off, and put on again; and then reſt a little; and then ſhe wanted a Coach, which was called, in which ſhe came home limping and lame, having made me ſtay Dinner, till half an Hour after one. But this is not all. You think perhaps that we were going ſtreight to dine, don't you? Not a bit of that. The curſed Coachman was to be paid, and I would pay him my ſelf, to ſave *Marianne*'s Money, who does not know how to manage thoſe Matters, and who, for all me, has been ſo haſty, as to give him twice as much as his Due. Lord! I was in ſuch a Paſſion! I could have threſhed him, had I but Strength.

There has been then Noiſe enough? ſaid Mr. *De Climal*. Noiſe, ſaid Mrs. *Du Tour*. Ay, Noiſe if you will, replied ſhe. I have been in a little ſort of Paſſion with him. However, there has been no great Harm done. Only a few of our Neighbours, and of thoſe that went by ſtopped about the Door.

So

So much the worſe, ſaid he to her in a pretty grave Tone. This kind of Scene ought to be avoided very carefully, and I much approve of *Marianne*'s having paid the Fellow. How does your Foot? added he, ſpeaking to me. Pretty well, ſaid I. Weakneſs is the only Grievance I feel, and I hope to Morrow it will be perfectly well.

Have you done your Dinner? ſaid he to us. Hoh! to be ſure, ſaid Mrs. *Du Tour*. We were chattering about twenty Things. Won't you ſit down, Sir? Have you any thing to ſay to *Marianne*? Yes, ſaid he.

Well then, replied ſhe, be ſo kind to walk into the Parlour, for this can be no proper Place for you. This is our dirty Hole. Come hither, *Marianne*, lean upon me. I will lead you thither. Stay, ſtay! I'll go and fetch my Ell, and you ſhall lean upon that. No, no, ſaid Mr. *De Climal*, I ſhall help her myſelf. Take hold of my Arm, ſaid he: Upon which I got up. We walked through the Shop, to get into the little Parlour, whither, I believe, I could have walked very well alone with a Stick.

Now, ſaid Mrs. *Du Tour*, as I was ſitting on an Elbow-Chair, ſince you have ſomething to ſay to *Marianne*, I ſhall ſlip on my Hood, and go to Church, to hear a little of the Prayers. To be ſure they will

will be almoſt over; however, I ſhan't loſe the whole, and I ſhall get more or leſs of them. Your Servant, Sir, pray excuſe my going; I ſhall leave you Houſekeeper. *Marianne*, if any Body aſks for me, tell them I ſhall be ſoon back. Do you hear, Child? Sir, your moſt humble Servant.

She then left us, and went out, pulling the Door gently after her, but did not ſhut it, becauſe then no Body could poſſibly get into the Shop, without our ſeeing him from the Parlour.

Thus far Mr. *De Climal* had been reſerved and grave. He had hardly ſpoke three Words to me, and ſeemed to ſtay, till ſhe marched off, before he would begin any ſort of Converſation. On my part, I gueſſed by his thoughtful Air, what he was going to ſay to me, and was provoked at it beforehand. No doubt, ſaid I to myſelf, but his Love will be the Topick.

For, you remember very well, that before my Adventure with *Valville*, I had already decided within myſelf, that Mr. *De Climal* was in Love with me. And of this I was ſtill more ſure, ſince what had happened at his Nephew's. A Devotee like him, who had bluſhed at meeting me there, and made as if he knew me not, would never have been ſo much out of Countenance, and ſo full of Diſſimulation,

had not his Conſcience reproached him with very foul Intentions towards me. This is what they call bluſhing before the Crime. And you cannot imagine how ugly this old Sinner appeared to me, and what a Burden he ſeemed.

When I had diſcovered three Days before, that he was in Love with me, I only reflected, that he was an Hypocrite, whom I might very well ſuffer to be whatever he would, becauſe I was ſure, he would get nothing by it. But I then did not ſtop there, and could no longer keep within the Bounds of this calm Indifference. His Sentiments offended me. They raiſed my Indignation, and my Heart was ſhocked at the Thought of it. In ſhort, he appeared no longer to be the ſame Man in my Eyes. The ſoft tender Behaviour of his Nephew, who was young, lovely and gallant, had helped me, to view the Uncle in a true Light, and in ſuch a one as he deſerved to be ſeen. This intirely ſunk him in my Opinion, and ſhewed me plainly his old Age and Wrinkles, and ſet in open View the Heinouſneſs of his infamous Character.

Ah! ſaid I to my ſelf, what an extravagant and ridiculous Figure has he been obliged to make at *Valville*'s! What is the old Fornicator going now to tell me of his odious criminal Love? Is he now going to perſuade me to be as bad as himſelf! On

Account

Account of what he will do for me hereafter? Lord! How monſtrous and ugly he looks! How can a Man of his Years not be ſtruck with Horror at himſelf? How can he be ſo old, look ſo devout, paſs for ſo good a Chriſtian, and then tell a young Girl privately, don't mind my Conduct and Reputation. I am in reality but a downright Cheat. I impoſe on all the World, and I love you like a ſhameful Debauchee, who would willingly render you as corrupt as myſelf. A very ingaging agreeable Lover, I muſt confeſs.

Theſe were my Reflections, while he continued ſilent, till Mrs. *Du Tour* was gone.

At laſt, we were all alone in the Houſe. What a talkative Woman that is, ſaid he, ſhrugging up his Shoulders. I thought we ſhould never have got rid of her. Yes, anſwered I, ſhe is very full of Tongue. Beſides, ſhe don't think you have any great Secret to communicate to me.

What do you think of our meeting at my Nephew's? ſaid he ſmiling. Nothing, replied I; I only think it was a Chance. You did extremely well, ſaid he, not to ſeem to know me. I did that, becauſe you ſeemed to deſire it ſhould be ſo, anſwered I; but, now you put me in mind; Why, Sir, are you ſo glad I did not call you by your Name? And why did you make as if you had never ſeen me?

Why?

Why! ſaid he, in a mild wheedling Tone, becauſe it is much properer, both for you and myſelf, that no Body ſhould ſuſpect the Correſpondence that is between us, which will not be ſoon over. It is not fit that People ſhould criticiſe upon it, my dear Girl. You are ſo lovely, that they would infallibly think I loved you.

Oh! There is no Occaſion to fear that, anſwered I ingenuouſly. You are known to be perfectly honeſt. Yes, yes, ſaid he in a ſort of Jeſt, they know it, and are in the right to believe it too. But, my dear *Marianne*, a Man is not a whit the leſs honeſt for loving a pretty Girl.

When I ſay an honeſt Man, replied I, I mean a Man that is religious, pious and full of Virtue, which keeps him from loving any, but his own Wife.

But, dear Child, ſaid he, you then take me for a Saint. Pray, don't miſtake me ſo far. Indeed you do me too much Honour. I am very far from being ſuch, and it would be very difficult, even to a Saint to remain long ſo with you. Very difficult, I ſay, and you may judge then of others. Beſides, I am not married. I have no Wife, on whom I ought to beſtow my Affection. Love is not a Thing forbidden me. I am perfectly free. But we ſhall ſpeak of that by and by. Let us return to your Accident again.

You

You got a Fall, and was forced to be carried to my Nephew's, who is a giddy young Fellow, and who, no doubt, began to court you. Is not that true? At leaſt he was telling you a great many ſweet Things, when the Lady and I came in. And I don't wonder at it. He certainly found you, what you really are, very handſome, lovely and charming; in ſhort, all that the World will always be forced to think of you. But as I am without Queſtion the beſt Friend you have; (and this I hope I ſhall always be able to give you good Proofs of,) pray my dear Girl, tell me freely, han't you an Inclination to hearken to him? Methought you ſeem to be pretty well ſatisfied with him. Am I miſtaken, pray, or no?

I, Sir, replied I, liſtened to him, becauſe I was in his Houſe. I could no how avoid it. Beſides, he ſaid nothing to me, but what was extremely polite, and very civil.

Very civil! ſaid he, repeating my Words. Take care, *Marianne*, take care; for this may proceed from ſome little Prejudice towards him. Alas! I ſhould pity you, if, in your preſent Situation, you ſhould be tempted to liſten to ſuch Cajoling. Lord! what a Pity that would be! What would become of you? But, pray tell me, did he aſk you where you lived?

I be-

I believe he did, Sir, anſwered I with a Bluſh. And as you knew not the ill Conſequences of it, added he, you doubtleſs told him; I made no Difficulty of it, replied I, for he muſt needs have come to the Knowledge of it at laſt, ſince People who take a Coach, muſt needs ſay, whither they intend to go.

You make me tremble for you, ſaid he aloud in a grave compaſſionate Tone, you even make me tremble. This is a very unlucky Event. The Conſequences of it may prove very fatal, if you don't prevent them. Indeed, Child, he will undo you. What I tell you is but too true, and I ſhan't ceaſe repeating it to you. Alas! what a Pity 'twould be, if, with all your Charms and Beauty, you were to become a Prey to a young Man, who will not love you! For, do thoſe young giddy Fools know how to love? have they any of them a Heart? have they Sentiments? have they either Honour or a Character? Vices are their only Bent, eſpecially with a Girl in your Situation, whom my Nephew will think much below him: Whom he will look upon as a plain pretty Girl, which he will endeavour to make a kind Miſtreſs of, and whom he is ſure will go mad for him. That is all you can expect from him, Child. Little gallant genteel Ways; little Preſents that will amuſe you; the

the moſt tender Proteſtations, which you will be ſimple enough to believe; a great Shew he will make of his Paſſion, to ſeduce you; an eternal Encomium upon your Charms; in ſhort, ſome little Aſſignations, which you will at firſt refuſe him, but will grant him at laſt, and which will ceaſe on a ſudden, through the Inconſtancy and Diſguſt of the young Fellow. Theſe are, Child, what will infallibly happen, if you liſten to him. Now, I would aſk you, will that do with you? and is this what you wiſh for, Child? You have Reaſon and good Senſe, and you cannot but ſometimes conſider your Caſe, and be uneaſy, and even afraid at the Thought of it. Let a Girl be never ſo young, giddy, or imprudent, yet can't ſhe for all that forget her own Condition, eſpecially when it is ſo diſmal and deplorable as yours is. And you know, *Marianne*, that I don't overdo it. You are an Orphan, and one who is a Stranger to all the World; who has no Relation on Earth; whom no Body cares for, or is uneaſy about; abſolutely unknown to your own Family, which your ſelf cannot give an Account of; deſtitute of either Parents or Fortune, or Friends, except me, whom you came acquainted with by meer Chance; who alone am concern'd for you, and who am indeed moſt tenderly devoted to you, as you doubtleſs

doubtleſs muſt ſee, from my way of ſpeaking to you; And it is in your Power to make that Tenderneſs greatly to increaſe hereafter. For I am rich, (mind that by the by, Child,) and may be of very great Service to you, provided you underſtand your true Intereſt, and I ſee Reaſon to like your Conduct; I mean, your Prudence, and not a rigid Morality. I don't ſpeak at all of an auſtere kind of Life, which 'twould be difficult, and perhaps impoſſible for you to lead. You are not even in a Station, to be ſo ſtrict upon that Head. In ſhort, I ſpeak to you, as a Man who has ſeen the World, and who after all thinks, that the main Affair is to live, and that Neceſſity and Want is a moſt dreadful Situation. Therefore, though I may appear to you an Enemy to what you call Love, I an't however againſt all ſorts of Love Affairs. I don't ſay, that you muſt avoid them all. Some of them are uſeful and reaſonable, as on the contrary ſome are prejudicial and extravagant, ſuch as would be any Amour, you would carry on with my Nephew, whoſe Love could have no other Iſſue, but that of depriving you of the Benefit of the only Advantage you are poſſeſſed of, I mean that of being lovely. I don't think you would loſe your Time, in being the Miſtreſs of a giddy young Fellow, whom, 'tis true, you would

love tenderly, and with all your Heart, which doubtleſs would be a Pleaſure, but a very unlucky one, ſince the young Debauchee would never love you as well, and would one Day or other abandon you to a ſtate of Indigence and Miſery, which you would have more Difficulty than ever to get out of. A Miſery, I ſay; for the Buſineſs is now to let you into what Things are, not to ſoften the Expreſſion. Of all this I have been thinking, ever ſince I left you, and it is what made me ſo ſoon leave the Company where I dined to Day; for I have a great many Things to tell you now, my dear *Marianne*. I am in a very good Diſpoſition with Regard to you, as you doubtleſs muſt perceive.

Yes, Sir, anſwered I to him all in Tears, quite aſhamed, and even provoked, at the diſmal Picture he had made of my Condition, and ſcandalized at the infamous Motives, which had induced him to ſcare me to that Degree. Yes, Sir, ſaid I, you may ſpeak freely, and give me your Advice; I ſhall always think it my Duty, to follow the Counſels of ſo pious a Man as you.

Pray let my Piety alone, replied he, drawing briſkly towards me, to lay hold of my Hand. I told you already, that I have ſpoke to you, in a quite different Diſpoſition. I tell you, I ſet Religion aſide.

I am

I am not preaching to you, Child, I only talk common Senſe. I only play with you the part of a Man of Underſtanding and Experience, who ſees that you have nothing, and that you muſt be provided with all Neceſſaries, unleſs you take the Reſolution of going to Service; a Thing to which you ſeemed to me to be averſe, and which in Reality can fit you by no Means.

No, Sir, ſaid I to him with a Fluſh raiſed by Indignation, I hope I never ſhall be obliged to come to that Extremity.

It would be a diſmal Shift, ſaid he, and I can't think of it myſelf, without an aching Heart. For I love my dear Child, and I love her moſt tenderly.

I don't in the leaſt doubt it, ſaid I to him. I depend on your Friendſhip, Sir, and on the Virtue which you profeſs, added I, to deter him from explaining his Sentiments in a more free and a plainer Manner.

But it availed nothing. Ah! *Marianne*, anſwered he, I profeſs nothing but Weakneſs, and to be even weaker than another Man, and you know very well, what I intend by the Word Friendſhip. But you are a little Good for Nothing, who divert yourſelf, in not ſeeming to underſtand me. Yes, I love you; you know it; you could not but take notice of it, and it is no new Thing to hear it. I love you, as ſuch a

charming beautiful Girl as you ſhould be loved. It is not bare Friendſhip I have for you, my dear *Marianne*. I at firſt thought it was nothing elſe. But I was deceived. It is Love, Child, and even the moſt tender kind of it. Do you underſtand me now? You ſhall loſe nothing by the Bargain. Your Fortune ſhan't be a Bit the worſe, for there is no Friend comparable to ſuch a Lover as I am.

You! My Lover! cried I aloud, with my Eyes caſt down. You! Sir? Indeed I never expected that.

Alas! No more did I myſelf, ſaid he. This was a downright Surprize, dear Child! You are in a moſt deplorable Condition. I never ſaw any Body in my Days ſo worthy to be pitied and aſſiſted as you. And as I am by Nature tender and compaſſionate of other People's Misfortunes, I thought I was only generous, in helping you. I imagined it was bare Pity, and if you pleaſe Piety, ſince you ſeem willing to look upon me as a religious Perſon. And it muſt be owned, I am in an actual Habit of doing as much Good as lies in my Power. I thought at firſt I was no other, with Regard to you. I behaved imprudently on this Occaſion, and what my exceſſive Confidence deſerved has fallen on me. That Confidence has been overthrown: For I pretend not to excuſe myſelf. I own I am wrong. It would have been much better

for me not to have loved you. I ſhould certainly be much more worthy of Praiſe, if I did not. I ought at firſt to have feared, and even have avoided you, and not thought of you at all. But on the other Hand, had I been ſo prudent, what would have become of you, my dear *Marianne?* Was you not ready to fall into the moſt diſmal Straits? And ſee now, how ſeaſonably my little Weakneſs, (or my Love, if you will call it ſo) came to your Relief. Would not one think, that Providence had decreed I ſhould love you, in order to rid you of your Misfortunes at my Expence? For if I had taken Care of myſelf, you would have had no Refuge, and this Reflection makes amends for the Sentiments I have for you, whenever I think of them. I then reproach myſelf the leſs, when I reflect, that they were neceſſary to humble me. It is a little Miſchief, whence proceeds a great deal of Good; an infinite Good, I may ſay, and you cannot conceive, how great it may be. I only warn you, againſt the wretched Indigence, you would infallibly one Day or other fall into, by liſtening to my Nephew, or any other, and did not mention any Thing of the Ignominy and Diſgrace which would infallibly attend it, and is this. Moſt Men, but eſpecially young ones, have no great Regard for ſuch a Girl as you, when they

come to leave her. They boaſt of having ſucceeded. They are bold, indiſcreet, impudent, and divert themſelves at her Expence. They point her out to others, and ſay; *Here ſhe is.* And ſee now what an Adventure this would be for you, who are the moſt lovely of your Sex, and conſequently one who would be the moſt diſhonoured and diſgraced by it? For, in ſuch a Caſe, the handſomeſt are the moſt deſpiſed, becauſe they are generally thoſe, whom one is moſt ſorry to find deſpicable. Not that they pretend that an handſome Girl ſhould have no Lovers. Very far from it: For if ſhe had none, ſhe is always ſuſpected of having ſome, and the having a Lover becomes her more than any other Woman, provided that the Thing does not break out, and that People may always think, when they ſee her, that it would be a very good Fortune to be accepted by her. Whereas it is no Fortune at all, when ſhe is cried down. But you run none of theſe Riſks with me. You can't but be ſenſible, that your Reputation is perfectly ſecure with a Man of my Character. I ſhan't be deſirous that other People ſhould know I love you, and that you anſwer that Love. It is in private I intend to relieve you, and without Noiſe to ſecure you a compleat Fortune, that may for ever free you from the Neceſſity of depending on the Help of

others

others not like me. People, who, whether of better or inferior Fortune, would be certainly covetous, and who in their Love would therefore be void of Tenderneſs, and procure you at beſt but a temporary and inconſiderable Aſſiſtance, ſo that you would always be obliged to ſuffer their Love, even if you were to ſtay with Mrs. *Du Tour*.

I was ſeized with a violent Grief at this Diſcourſe: I appeared to my ſelf ſo worthy of Compaſſion, thus to be expoſed to the Impudence of ſuch an Enumeration, that I could not help crying aloud all in Tears; *Good God! to what an Extremity am I reduced?*

And as he thought this Exclamation proceeded from the Fright he had put me into: Softly, Child, ſaid he to me, in a comfortable Tone, and ſqueezing my Hand, ſoftly, my dear lovely Girl. Take Courage. You are intirely free from the Danger I mention, ſince you have met with me. 'Tis true, you never would have avoided it any other Way; for I muſt not deceive you: You were not born to be a Linen-Draper. This Trade can be no Reſource for you. You never could make any great Matter by it. I am ſure you are perfectly ſenſible of that; and even if you could make your ſelf Miſtreſs of that Trade, you ſtill would want Money to ſet up. But

you have none, and would therefore be for ever a downright Shop-Maid. And pray, do you think you will be able in ſuch a Station to get Money enough to ſupply all your Neceſſities? How will you be able to live, ſo handſome as you are, and quite deſtitute of every thing, If you don't conſent, that the People juſt mentioned ſhould afford you their Help? and if you conſent to it; good God! what an unhappy Situation will yours be!

Ah! Sir, ſaid I to him, ſobbing and crying, don't then ſpeak to me any more of it. Have at leaſt that little Regard for me and my Youth. You know I am juſt come out of the Hands of a virtuous Woman, who never brought me up in the hearing of ſuch ſcandalous Diſcourſes. And I don't conceive how a Man of your Character ſhould be capable of ſpeaking to me in this manner, merely on account of my Poverty.

No, my dear Girl, anſwered he, ſqueezing my Arms, no, you are not poor. You have a Fortune at Command, ſince I have one. I am now to be to you in lieu of the Parents you have loſt. Be eaſy, I intended, in all I ſaid, nothing but to frighten you into your own Advantage, and to ſhew you, of what Importance it was to you, not only that we ſhould get acquainted with one another; but alſo that

I ſhould at unawares conceive theſe tender Inclinations towards you, which make me ever yours, though they humble me at the ſame Time; which however I reſpectfully ſubmit to, becauſe this Event has ſomething in it, moſt wonderful and amazing. The End of your Misfortunes did indeed depend on it. It is very certain, that, had it not been for the unforeſeen Inclination I have for you, I never ſhould have ſufficiently helped you. I had been, with Regard to you, no more than a virtuous tender-hearted Man; and there are thouſands of that ſort, and this never would have equalled your Wants. It was neceſſary for you, that I ſhould be ſomething more than charitable. It was neceſſary I ſhould love you with an Affection I could not conquer. It was proper, that being forced to yield to that Love, I ſhould at leaſt impoſe on myſelf the Neceſſity, and make it my Duty to compenſate my Weakneſs, and to atone for it, by delivering you of all the Inconveniencies which attend your Situation. But then this is what I am reſolved to do, my dear Girl; and I hope you will not be againſt it. I might even expect, that you would ſhew me your Gratitude for it. There is a vaſt Difference, I own, between your Age and mine: But pray take notice, that I am only old comparatively, and becauſe you are ſo very

young. For, with Reſpect to any other Woman, I ſhould be of a tolerable Age, added he, in the Tone of one who feels the Goodneſs of his Conſtitution: Let us therefore ſee what Courſe we are to take before *Du Tour* comes. I believe you think no more, of being a Linen-Draper. And on the other Hand, *Valville*, whom you told where you lived, and who is a downright Rattle-Head, will infallibly endeavour to ſee you again. The Buſineſs is then to avoid his Purſuits, and to conceal our Correſpondence, of which he would ſoon be informed, if you were to remain with this Woman. So, that the only Courſe to be taken on this Occaſion is, to leave this part of the Town to Morrow, and go and lodge ſomewhere elſe, which will not be very difficult. I know a very honeſt Man, whom I ſometimes truſt with the Care of my Affairs, who is what you call a Sollicitor, whoſe Wife is a very reaſonable Woman, and who has a very pretty little Houſe, where there is an Apartment juſt left by a Country Gentleman that rented it. And this Apartment I ſhall this Night beſpeak for you. You will be there extremely well, eſpecially coming from me. They are very good People, who will be overjoyed to have you there, and will think themſelves honoured by it, and the more, becauſe you will appear there, in a very

very honourable and proper manner, which will induce them to reſpect you. You will come thither, under the Character of one of my Relations, who has neither Father nor Mother, whom I brought out of the Country, to take care of her as my own Daughter. Which added to a conſiderable Penſion you will pay them for your Board, to the handſome Clothes they will ſee you wear, and the ſumptuous Furniture which you will receive in leſs than two Days time; the Maſters I ſhall order you, as Dancing, Muſick, or what other Maſter you pleaſe: All which added, I ſay, to my way of treating you, when I go thither to viſit you, will make you intirely Miſtreſs of the Houſe. Is not this well, Child? There is no heſitating. Don't let us loſe Time, my dear *Marianne*. And to prepare *Du Tour* for your going, tell her to Night, that you don't find your ſelf fit for her Trade, and that you ſhall go into a Nunnery to Morrow about ten a Clock. And accordingly I ſhall ſend you the Man's Wife above mentioned, who ſhall take you in a Coach directly to her Houſe, where you will find me. Pray don't you approve of this? I hope you won't diſapprove, if, in order to encourage and give you a Demonſtration of the perfect Sincerity of my Intentions; (for I don't deſire you ſhould rely barely on my

Word;) I hope, I ſay, you will not, till ſomething better comes, diſlike my bringing you to Morrow a ſmall Contract of five hundred Livres a Year. Speak now, my dear lovely Girl. Will you not be ready to go thither to Morrow? ſhall they come and fetch you? Yes, yes: Is not that true?

At firſt I anſwered nothing: For ſo perfect an open undiſſembled Villany had thunderſtruck me, and ſtopped my Words in my Throat, and I remained motionleſs, with my Eyes down, and full of Tears.

What makes you then ſo thoughful? my dear *Marianne*, ſaid he to me. Time hurries us. *Du Tour* will be home again preſently; ſpeak now. Do you agree to it? ſhall I ſpeak to this Man to Night?

At theſe Words, recovering my ſelf; Ah! Sir, ſaid I aloud, you are not then known for what you are; for the Monk who brought me to you had told me you were a Man ſo perfectly honeſt!——

My Tears and Sighs hindred me from ſaying any more. Lord! my dear Child! anſwered he, what a wrong and ſtrange Notion do you frame to your ſelf of Things? Alas! The good Monk himſelf, could he know my Love, would not be ſo ſurprized at it, as you imagine, and would not think my Character the worſe for it. He would doubtleſs tell you, that theſe are Motions not depending on the Will,

which

which may happen to the moſt honeſt, the moſt reaſonable, and the moſt religious People; nay, he would tell you, that even himſelf, though a Monk, could not be ſure of avoiding them. That there is no Fault more pardonable than mine. Therefore, my dear *Marianne*, don't look upon it as a monſtrous Thing, added he, inſenſibly kneeling before me. Don't think my Heart the leſs true, and worthy of your whole Confidence, becauſe it is tender. This does not prejudice Integrity in the leaſt, as I have told you already. It is a Weakneſs, not a Crime, Is it a Weakneſs, which the beſt natur'd People are the moſt apt to fall into. Your own Experience will teach you that. This Monk, you ſay, told you, he would procure you the Aſſiſtance of a virtuous Man; and ſo have I approved myſelf till now; ſo am I ſtill, and was I not virtuous, 'tis likely I ſhould not love you ſo well as I do. It is your Misfortunes and my inborn Virtue, which have contributed to increaſe my Inclination for you. It is for having been generous, and having too much pitied you, I now am in Love with you. Why then do you reproach me with it? You, whom others will love, not comparable to me: You, who will accept of their Paſſion, though your Fortune be nothing bettered by it. Whereas you reject me, through

whom you are going to be freed of all the Pains and Ignominies that threaten the whole Courſe of your Life: Me, I ſay, whoſe Love, (and this without Vanity,) is a Preſent offered you by Chance: Me, in ſhort, whom Heaven, which makes uſe of all Methods to gain its Ends, is going to render this Day the Inſtrument of your better Condition.

He was in this part of the Diſcourſe, when Heaven, which he preſumed as it were to make his Accomplice, puniſhed him, by the ſudden Arrival of *Valville*, who, as I told you already, knew Mrs. *Du Tour*, and who from the Shop into which he entered, came directly into the Parlour where we were, and there found my Devotee in the very ſame Poſture, in which he had himſelf found *Valville* two or three Hours before, *viz.* at my Feet, holding me by the Hand, which he kiſſed, and which I was endeavouring to take from him: In ſhort, the Revenge could never have been more compleat than was this.

I was the firſt who ſaw *Valville*, and by a Geſture of Aſtoniſhment I made Mr. *De Climal* turn his Head, and he ſaw him too.

Judge what became of him then. At this Sight he remained ſtupified, with his Mouth wide open, and it fixed him in the Attitude he was then in. He was on his Knees, and there he remained. His Mo-

tion,

tion, his Preſence of Mind, his Speech, all was gone. Never did any Hypocrite, amazed and confounded, make leſs Myſtery of his Shame, or let it be ſeen more plainly, than this Man did. None could ever have been more ſincerely cruſhed under the Burden of his Iniquity, or owned more frankly his Villany. In vain ſhould I inſiſt on it, ſince the ſtrangeſt and moſt ſubtle Deſcriptions would always fall very ſhort of the Truth.

For my part, I had nothing to reproach myſelf with. I believe I was more ſorry than aſhamed at this Event, and I was going to ſay ſomething, when *Valville*, who had at firſt caſt a diſdainful Glance upon me, and then cooly contemplated the Confuſion his Uncle was in, told me calmly, and in a ſcornful Manner; Madam, indeed that is very pretty! God b'w'y' Sir, I beg your Pardon for my Intruſion, and upon this he went away, caſting another Glance on me, that was at leaſt as full of Contempt as the former; and juſt at that inſtant, Mr. *De Climal* was getting up.

What do you mean by your *that's very pretty*, cried I aloud to *Valville*, haſtily riſing. Hold, hold, Sir! you are miſtaken; you wrong me, and don't do me Juſtice.

But I cried in vain. He did not return. Run then after him, Sir, ſaid I to the Uncle, whoſe Heart went ſtill pit-a-pat, and

and who, with a trembling Hand, was pulling his Cloak again over his Shoulders; (for he had one on:) Run then, Sir. Will you ſuffer me to be the Victim of this? What will this young Gentleman think of me? what will he take me for? Lord! how unfortunate I am!

And this I uttered with my Eyes full of Tears, and ſo grievouſly vexed, that I was going my ſelf to call him back from the Street.

But his Uncle ſtopping me; what are you going to do? ſaid he, ſtay, ſtay, Madam! don't be uneaſy about this. I know what Turn muſt be given to what has juſt happened. Beſides, what need you care, for what ſuch a young Fool can think ſince you may, if you pleaſe, never ſee him any more?

How! What need I care for it? replied I with Fury and Rage. He, who knows Mrs. *Du Tour*, to whom he will freely give his Opinion of it! He! with whom I had a Converſation for above a whole Hour together, and who conſequently will know me again, wherever he ſees me! Sir, May he not meet me every Day? and perhaps to Morrow? Does he not deſpiſe me already? Does he not look upon me, as an unworthy Creature, on your Account? Upon me, I ſay, who am honeſt, and who would chuſe rather to die, than be otherwiſe?

wiſe? Who, in ſhort, have no other Advantage left me, but my Honeſty, which every Body will imagine I have loſt? No, Sir, no, I am in the utmoſt Deſpair, that ever I knew you. Sure, it was the greateſt of all my Misfortunes. Let me go, Sir, I will abſolutely ſpeak to your Nephew, and muſt by all means tell him, how innocent I am on this Occaſion. It is not juſt you ſhould ſecure your Reputation by the Loſs of mine. Why do you play the Devotee, if you are not ſincerely devout? And what care I for all your hypocritical Tricks?

You ungrateful little Wretch! replied he, turning pale. Do you thus repay my Favours towards you? What makes you mention your Innocence? Where did you dream, that I ever thought of attacking it? Did I ſay any more, but that I owned I had ſome Inclination for you, and that I reproach myſelf, and was very ſorry for it, and thought myſelf very diſparaged thereby. That I looked upon it as a Fault, of which I owned my ſelf guilty, and for which I intended to atone, by turning it to your Benefit, without any Requital expected from you, except a little Gratitude? Pray, were not theſe my very Words? And was there any thing in all this, but what ſhould have made my Proceedings appear honourable in your Eyes?

Well,

Well, Sir, ſaid I to him, ſince theſe are your Views, and you have ſo much Religion, don't ſuffer this Incident to be any Way prejudicial to my Reputation. Carry me yourſelf to your Nephew. Let you and I go this very Minute, and tell him the Truth of the Matter, to prevent his making an ill Judgment both of you and me. You had me by the Hand when he came in. I even think, you was kiſſing it whether I would or no. Beſides, you were at my Feet. How is it poſſible, that he can take this to be mere Compaſſion? How can he avoid imagining that you are my Lover, and I your Miſtreſs, if you don't give yourſelf the Trouble to undeceive him? You muſt therefore, by all means ſpeak to him, if it were but for my Sake. You are obliged to do it, on Account of my Reputation, and even to avoid the Scandal, or God Almighty will be offended by it. And then you ſhall ſee, that I am the beſt natur'd Creature in the World; that no body will cheriſh, nor any reſpect you more than I, and that I ſhall be the moſt grateful Creature living. Then you will be at Liberty to do me as much good as you pleaſe. I ſhall go wherever you will, and obey you in every thing. I ſhall then think my ſelf moſt happy, if you will be pleaſed to take care of me, and have the Charity not to abandon me; pro-

vided

vided you conceal no longer that Charity, to which I, with all my Heart, will ſubmit, and provided you defer no longer going along with me to Mr. *De Valville*, and tell him; Nephew! You muſt not have any bad Opinion of this Girl. She is a poor Orphan, whom I have the Charity to relieve, as a good Chriſtian ſhould. And if I made this Morning, as if I knew her not, when I was at your Houſe, it was becauſe I would not have the Piety of my Actions known. This is the only Favour I aſk you, Sir, humbly begging your Pardon for the Words I let ſlip unawares, which no doubt have offended you, but for which I ſhall make amends, by all the Submiſſion and Reſpect imaginable. Therefore, ſo ſoon as Mrs. *Du Tour* ſhall be come back, we have nothing to do, but to go to Mr. *De Valville*: And if you won't do it, I declare I will go to him myſelf.

Get you gone! you little impertinent Huzzy! anſwered he, like one who was loſt to all Senſe of Shame, who did no longer value my Eſteem, and who ſubmitted to be deſpiſed by me, as much as he deſerved. Get you gone! I don't fear you. You can do me no Harm. But you that threaten me ſo boldly, may fear my Indignation. I, for the preſent, ſhall ſay no more; but you ſhall know, to your Coſt, how detrimental it may ſometimes be, to

have

have ſpoken too much. Farewel: You have no Aſſiſtance to expect from me henceforward. I here put an end to my Favours. There are other People in Diſtreſs that have a much better Heart than you, and to whom it is but juſt that I ſhould give the Preference. You will ſtill have ſomething to make you remember me: For you have Clothes, Linen and Money, which I leave you.

No, no, ſaid, I, or rather cried to him, I ſhall never keep any of thoſe Things; for I ſhall forthwith return you every one. And I begin with your Money, which, by good Luck, I happen to have about me. Here it is, added I, throwing the Money on a Table in a Hurry, which was no more than a perfect Expreſſion of the violent Agitation of a young little Heart, that is at once haughty, virtuous and offended. There remain only the Gown and Linen, which I ſhall pack up this Minute, that you may take it away in your Coach, Sir; and as I have now on ſome of thoſe Things, for which I have as great a Horror, as I have for you, I only aſk you Time to go into my Room, to pull them off, and I ſhall be back again immediately: And do you pleaſe to ſtay for them, or elſe I give you my Word, I ſhall throw them out of the Window.

And you muſt know, that while I was ſpeaking thus to him, I unpinned myſelf, and undreſſed my Head, becauſe the Cap I had on came from him, ſo that it was off in an Inſtant, and I was bareheaded; with the fine Hair I ſpoke to you of, which hung down as far as my Waiſt.

This Sight intirely diſconcerted him. I was in a violent Rage and Tranſport, which had no Regard to any Thing. I ſpoke very loud, had my Hair about my Ears, and all this together, threw into the Scene a Noiſe and Indecorum, which alarmed him, and might have come at laſt to a publick Inſult on him.

I would by all means have left him, and gone into my Room to bundle up the Clothes; but he ſtopped me, being afraid of my Paſſion, and with his Lips pale and trembling, ſtammered out a few Words, which I paid no Regard to. But, *Marianne*——, are you mad——? why ſo much Noiſe——? Lord! you are raving—— But— be quiet then——, take Care—. Upon this, in came Mrs. *Du Tour*.

Oh! Oh! ſaid ſhe to me, ſeeing me in this Diſorder, Lord! What is all this? What's the Matter then? Good God of Heaven! what Pickle ſhe is in! What's the Matter with her, Sir? What has ſhe done with her Cap? God forgive me! I think it is on the Ground. For God's Sake, did any Body beat her? And

And all theſe Queſtions ſhe aſked him, with twenty times the Noiſe we had made.

No, no, ſaid Mr. *De Climal*, who made haſte to anſwer, for fear I ſhould begin an Explication of the Caſe. I will tell you what the Matter is. It is only a Miſunderſtanding of hers, that provoked me, and which requires I ſhould put a Stop to my Favours to her. I ſhall pay you for the little Time ſhe has been in your Houſe: But I ſhan't be anſwerable for the Time ſhe ſhall remain with you hereafter.

How! ſaid Mrs. *Du Tour* to him, in an uneaſy Manner, won't you continue to pay for the Board of this poor Wretch! how then will you have her live?

Ah, Madam, pray don't be uneaſy about it. I ſhan't be at your Charge, and God forbid I ever ſhould be at his, ſaid I ſitting in an Elbow-Chair, without knowing what I did, and crying bitterly, without looking at either of them. As for him, he ſtole away, while I was ſpeaking this, and I remained alone with Mrs. *Du Tour*, who quite amazed clapped her Arms acroſs, out of mere Aſtoniſhment, and ſaid, What an horrid Noiſe! what a Rout! And then ſitting down, ſaid; Is not this a fine piece of Work you have made here, *Marianne?* No more Money! no more Penſion! no more Maintenance! now are you ſatisfied? At laſt you are turned out of Doors.

Doors. Very well done indeed! The Girl has performed Wonders! Yes! yes! Cry now, cry: You may have your Belly-full of it: Now you have done your Buſineſs to a Miracle. What a wrong giddy-headed Wench is this!

Ah! let me alone, Madam, ſaid I; you talk without knowing any thing of the Matter. Without knowing, ſaid ſhe: That is well imagined, indeed! Pray, don't I know that you have nothing in the World? And is not this knowing enough of the Matter? What does the Girl mean with her not knowing? Pray, whither will you go now? For this is what makes me uneaſy, and I ſpeak purely out of Friendſhip for you, and nothing elſe. For, were I in Circumſtances to keep you, what ſhould I mind your Mr. *De Climal?* Edad! I would ſay, Come, come, my Girl; thou haſt nothing, 'tis true: But I have more than I have Occaſion for. Well, well; let him go, if he pleaſe, and never trouble your ſelf about it. He that has for four has for five. But, fiddle-faddle! What can Good-Nature avail alone? A great deal indeed! Times now-a-days are very hard. There is no Trade. Houſe-rent is very high, and one has enough to do to live and bring the Year about, and one muſt have a hard Tug to do that.

Be eaſy, Madam, anſwered I, fetching a deep Sigh. I give you my Word I will leave your Houſe, whatever it coſts me. I am not quite deſtitute of Money, and ſhall give you what you pleaſe for what Expence I ſhall be to you, till I leave your Houſe.

What a Pity it is? replied ſhe: But in the Name of God, whence came this wretched Quarrel? Did I not preach to you, and recommend the Management of this Man by all Means.

Don't ſpeak to me any more of him, ſaid I to her; he is an unworthy Wretch. He would have me quit your Houſe, and go and lodge far from this Place, with a Man of his Acquaintance, who, very likely, is no better than he, and whoſe Wife was to come and take me along with her to Morrow Morning. So that, ſuppoſe I had not broken with him, and had made, as if I had conſented to his Deſires, as you ſay, I ſhould not have ſtaid one Bit longer with you for that, Mrs. *Du Tour.*

Hah! hah! ſhe cried; this was then your Intention, Mr. *De Climal?* to take the Girl from me, to put her in a Lodging with ſome Scrubs, I ſuppoſe. Very good, in Troth! See there the fuſty old Fellow! The old Dotard! with his holy Look. Would not one, at firſt Sight, ſtick him up in a Nich, like a Saint. And yet for

all that, he would have bamboozled me too. But for God's Sake, what Reaſon could he have to make you lodge in another Houſe? Could he not ſee you here, as well as any where elſe? Did I hinder him from it? Was it not in his own Power? Why! he told me, that he would take care of you, and that it was a very meritorious Action in him to do ſo. So much the better, ſaid I: And I agreed with him upon that Footing. For, why ſhould one put a Stop to any good Action? On the contrary; It is always a Pleaſure to have a Hand in it. Was I then the Woman that would have looked into his Behaviour, to find whether it was good or not? No ſure. None but God knows People's Conſciences, and he will have us always think the beſt of our Neighbours. What was he afraid of? Pray, might he not have come hither every Day, as he did before? and go on as he had begun? He ſaid he was an honeſt religious Man; why then, was it my Buſineſs to tell him, 'tis no ſuch Thing? Beſides, had you not a Room to yourſelf? And ſhould I have gone thither to have ſeen what he had to ſay to you? What did he then want? what would he have had more? I don't conceive, for my Part, what Maggot bit his old Crown. Pray tell me, what could be his Reaſon for changing your Lodgings?

It

It is, ſaid I negligently, becauſe the good honeſt Gentleman would not ſuffer Mr. *De Valville*, to whoſe Houſe I was brought, after I got my Fall, and whom I told where I liv'd, to come and ſee me. Hah! hah! There is the Story then at laſt, ſaid ſhe. Yes, yes, I underſtand you now Mr. *De Climal*, I now don't wonder at it. It is, becauſe the young Fellow, who is his Nephew, would never have taken his pretended good Action for true Coin, and would have probably aſked him; Pray, Uncle, what do you intend to do with that Girl? But did that Nephew come then? He is gone juſt this Minute, ſaid I to her, without entering into any Particular; and after he was gone it was, that Mr. *De Climal* made himſelf ſo angry, becauſe I refuſed to leave you, and go to Morrow whither he had ſaid he would have me, and that he reproached me with his Preſents, which made me take the Reſolution to return him that Minute all his Gifts, even to the Cap I had on, which I had pulled off for that Purpoſe.

What a Rout is here! cried ſhe; you had indeed very bad Luck, to fall juſt by the Houſe of that Mr. *De Valville*. But in the Name of God, how came your Foot to ſlip? Ought you not to have taken care where you ſet your Foot, Child? See now, what it is to be giddy. And then beſides, why

why did you inform that Nephew where you lived? Should a Girl give a Man her Direction? And can't one ſtrain one's Foot, without declaring where one lives? For it is nothing but that, which prejudices you now.

I did not give much Attention to what ſhe ſaid, and anſwered her merely out of Complaiſance.

In ſhort, my Child, continued ſhe, I know no Remedy for this. Conſider what you have to do. Adviſe with your ſelf. For, after what has happened, you muſt take your Choice, and the ſooner the better. I will have no Buſtle in my Houſe. We don't want any ſuch Thing, either *Toinon* or I. I know it is none of your Fault. But however, that won't do with us. People always put a bad Conſtruction on every Thing. Every Body will pretend to judge of Things, and out with their Nonſenſe too. Then comes on the Tittle-tattle. Hah! Who is he? and who is ſhe? and where is it? and where is it not? Which, you muſt think, is not very pleaſant. Beſides, we are not related to you, nor you to us. If you were but our Couſin, or ever ſo remote a Relation, it were another Thing, and I might ſay, let it paſs. But you are no Way related to us, nor to any Body elſe.

Indeed, Madam, you grieve me to the very Heart, ſaid I briſkly to her. Did I not tell you, I ſhould leave your Houſe to morrow? Would you then have me go to day? It ſhall be juſt as you pleaſe.

No, my Girl, no, replied ſhe; you miſtake me. I am reaſonable, and not that ſtrange kind of Woman you take me for. And if you could but know how much Compaſſion you raiſe in my Heart, I'm ſure you would never complain of me. No, no, you ſhall lye here to Night and ſup here too. We ſhall take the Chance of the Pot. As to your Money, I ſhall aſk none from you. And if it ſhould chance, that I could be of any Service to you, by means of my Friends and Acquaintance, pray, Child, don't ſpare me. As for the Reſt, I ſhall give you one Piece of good Advice, *viz.* to ſell the Gown Mr. *De Climal* gave you: For you ſhould no longer wear it now, ſince you are like to be poor and helpleſs. It will be much too fine for you, as well as the Linen, which would only ſerve to make People aſk where, you had it? Believe me, Child, when a Girl is ſo pretty and young as you are, Poverty and Finery make but an odd Appearance together. People don't know what they can mean; Therefore I am for no fine Dreſs. Keep nothing but what you had when you came hither, and ſell

the Reſt. I will even buy it of you, if you pleaſe. Not that I care much for it. But I have had a Mind to buy me a new Suit, a good while and I ſhall make Shift with your Gown, meerly to oblige you. 'Tis true, I am a little fatter than you: But then, you are a little taller; and as the Gown is very wide, I will adjuſt it, ſo as that it may fit me. As to the Linen, I ſhall either pay you for it, or give you ſome other in the Room.

No, Madam, ſaid I to her coldly, I ſhall ſell nothing, becauſe I am reſolved, and even gave my Word of Honour, to deliver the whole into Mr. *De Climal's* Hands.

Into his Hands! ſaid ſhe. You are then mad, Child. I would not be ſuch a Fool, were I in your Place. I would no more give it him, than I would to Old-Nick. He ſhould never ſee a Rag of either, large or little. Sure, you are not in earneſt. Did he not give it you out of Charity, Child? And don't you know, my dear, that whatever is given that Way, can never return to the Giver?

She would not very likely have ſtopped there, and had endeavoured, though to no Purpoſe, to alter my Sentiments upon that Head, had it not been for an old Woman, who came about ſome Buſineſs ſhe had with her; and as ſoon as ſhe had left me,

I went up into our Room. Ours, I ſay; for I ſhared it in common with *Toinon*.

As for my Sentiments with regard to Mr. *De Climal*, I will no more mention them to you. Gratitude was the only Thing that could poſſibly have bound me to him; but he deſerved it no longer from me. I deteſted him. I looked upon him, as a Monſter; and the Monſter was ſo perfectly indifferent to me, that I was not at all ſorry for his being ſuch. I was fully reſolved to return him all his Preſents, and never to ſee him more. This was enough for me, and I have hardly thought of him ſince. Let us come now, to what I did in my Room.

You, no doubt, will think, that the diſmal Situation in which I then was left, was my firſt Concern. No indeed. For this diſmal Situation concerned only my Life, whereas what ingroſſed all my Attention concerned my Self.

This perhaps will appear to you an extravagant Diſtinction. However, it is very well grounded. Our Life, is leſs dear to us than our Selves, meaning our Paſſions. By what we ſometimes do on this Head, out of mere Inſtinct, one might be apt to think, that, to exiſt, it is not neceſſary to live; That Life is only accidental to us, and that we of Courſe exiſt. You would think, for Inſtance,

when

when a Man kills himſelf, that he quits Life, only to rid himſelf, and fly from ſomething that troubles him. It is not himſelf he is weary of, but only the Burthen he bears.

If I lengthen my Recital with this Reflection, I only do it, to prove what I was juſt ſaying, *viz.* That I on my Part thought of an Article, which concerned me more, than my own ſad Condition, and this was *Valville*, or in other Words the Concern of my Heart.

You remember well, that this young Gentleman, when he ſurprized me with his Uncle, told me; Madam, that's very pretty! And you know likewiſe, that I loved him. Judge then, how near this ſhort Expreſſion of his went to my Heart.

For firſt, I had Virtue: *Valville* thought I had loſt it, and *Valville* was my Lover. Ah! Madam! how hateful is a Lover in ſuch a Caſe! But how grievous is it to hate him! No doubt, ſaid I, but he will love me no longer. Lord! how odious he appears to me, in that Light? But how! Is he then ſo much in the wrong? *Climal* is old and rich: He diſcovered him at my Feet: I made a Secret of my Acquaintance with him, and I am poor beſides. What can all this ſignify to him? What an Opinion can he entertain of me, after ſuch an Adventure? Have I any Thing to

reproach him with? If he loves me, it is but natural he ſhould think me guilty. He could ſay no leſs than what he did, and it is a Misfortune to him, to have ſet ſo much of his Eſteem and Inclination on a Girl, whom he is at laſt forced to deſpiſe. —— Ah! But he then does actually deſpiſe me: He accuſes me of the moſt horrid Things: He heſitated not a Moment to condemn me: He did not even ſtay till he had ſpoke to me: And could I be ſimple enough, to plead ſuch a Man's Excuſe! And could I have Courage enough, to ſee him again! I ſhould indeed be very baſe and ſhameleſs if I did it. Had he only been ſuſpicious, or been angry, or even provoked in a high Degree, I might have born with it; but to deſpiſe, but to diſdain, and to affront me! To go off abruptly! and not to come back when I called him! Him, I ſay, who did love me, and very likely hates me now. Ah! what ſhould I care for ſuch a Man? I have ſomething elſe to do, than to think of one, who miſtakes me ſo unworthily, and entertains ſo wrong a Notion of me. Let what will become of him! The Uncle is gone; let the Nephew follow! One is an unworthy Wretch, and the other takes me for ſuch. Very pretty People indeed! and fit to be lamented!

But, *a propos*, I have a Bundle to make up, ſaid I again to my ſelf, riſing from an Elbow-

Elbow-chair, where I made the little Soliloquy juſt mentioned. What makes me loſe my Time thus? Since I am to go to Morrow, I muſt ſend all theſe Clothes back to Day, with the Money *De Climal* gave me a few Days ago: (Which Money had remained on the Table, whereon I had thrown it, and Mrs. *Du Tour* put it again into my Pocket, whether I would or no.)

Upon this, I opened my Box, to take out firſt the Linen new bought. Ah! Mr. *De Valville*, ſaid I drawing it out of the Box, you will at laſt learn who I am, and be forced to think of me as you ought. And this Idea quickened my Actions; ſo that I inſenſibly made the Reſtitution, rather to *Valville* than to his Uncle; and the more ſo, becauſe the ſending back the Linen, Gown and Money, joined to a Note I intended to write to him, could not but undeceive *Valville*, and make him regret the Loſs of me.

He had appeared to me, to have a generous Soul, and I was extremely ſatisfied beforehand, at the Thought of the prodigious Grief he would infallibly ſuffer, for having injured a Girl of my Worth and Honour. For I appeared in my own Eyes, though confuſedly, endowed with a thouſand Qualifications, which entitled me to People's utmoſt Regard.

Firſt of all, I had my Misfortunes, which were ſingular in their Kind. Beſides, I was virtuous, and theſe two Things went well together hand in hand. And then I was young, and perfectly handſome. What would you deſire more? Had I purpoſed to make my ſelf the moſt engaging and moſt affecting Woman in the World, ſo as to force a generous Lover, to torture himſelf to Death, for having offended me, I could never have ſucceeded better. I was ſatisfied my ſelf, provided I could but vex *Valville*. After this, I did no more care to hear of him. My little Scheme was, never to ſee him more: And this I thought alſo a very noble and becoming Pride in me. For I loved him, and I was even glad of it, becauſe he had perceived my Paſſion, and conſequently would be much more ſenſible of the Greatneſs of his Loſs; ſeeing that I could break with him, notwithſtanding my Inclinations for him.

However, the Bundle was making all this Time: But what will divert you moſt is, that amidſt all theſe noble and reſolute Thoughts, I nevertheleſs now and then, by the by, looked at the fine Linen, as I was folding it, and ſaid to my ſelf, (but ſo ſoftly and ſo low, that I ſcarce could hear it) How well is it choſen! Which intimated, that it was a thouſand Pities to part with it.

A little Regret, which abated ſomewhat of the Nobleneſs of my Pride and Diſdain. But how can one help thoſe Things? I might have decked my ſelf with the fine Linen, which I was ready to return; and great Actions, you know, are attended with Difficulties. Let the Pleaſure of them be never ſo great, we might however do very well without them. It would be much more convenient ſometimes, to let them alone. This I ſay in Jeſt on my own Account. But, in general, to be tall, one muſt hold up ones Head; whereas, to be little, we only want to remain ſuch as Nature made us. But to return.

My Cap was the only Thing not packed up yet, and as I had laid it on a Chair near the Door, when I came into the Room, I did not obſerve it. And really, a Girl of my Age then, that was about to loſe her fine Clothes, may be allowed to have Abſences of Mind.

I then had no other Thing to mind, but my Gown, which was likewiſe to be bundled up. I mean, that which Mr. *De Climal* gave me. And as I had it on, and very likely was loth to pull it off; is there nothing ſtill left to be packed up, ſaid I, is this all? No: There remains the Money, which I took out of my Pocket, without the leaſt Reluctance. I was not covetous, only vain,

I.

and that is the Reaſon why I wanted Courage, only on Account of the Gown.

That was at laſt the only Thing I had left. How ſhould I do? Come, before I pull this off, let me firſt take down the other, added I, and this, without Doubt, was only to gain Time. The other was my old Gown, which I ſaw hanging up againſt the Wall.

I then got up to fetch it, and in the Way, which was no more than two Steps, the Girl's haughty Heart ſoftened. My Eyes, I know not how, grew moiſt, and I fetched a deep Sigh, either on Account of my own Self, or of *Valville*, or of the fine Gown. Which of the three it was, I can't tell.

One Thing is certain, that I took down the old Gown, and immediately ſquatted down on an Elbow-chair, ſighing bitterly, and ſaying, How unfortunate I am! Oh! That God had preſerved my Parents!

Perhaps this was not what I meant, and perhaps I mentioned my Parents, only that the Subject of my Affliction might ſeem to be more honourable and becoming. For we ſometimes diſſemble with ourſelves. We do baſe Actions, which we would be glad not to know, and which we conceal under other Names. So that poſſibly I might cry, merely for the Sake of my Clothes. However, after this ſhort Soliloquy, which would,

would, in ſpite of all my Regrets, have at laſt ended in undreſſing myſelf, I chanced to caſt my Eyes on my Cap, that was juſt by me.

Lord! ſaid I, I thought I had bundled up every Thing. How came I to miſs that Cap? I do not even think of taking one out of my Box, to dreſs my ſelf again, though I am bareheaded. How much Trouble I have upon my Hands! And then inſenſibly paſſing from one Idea to another, the Monk came into my Mind again. Poor Man! ſaid I to my ſelf: How aſtoniſhed will he be, when he hears of all this?

And in the ſame Breath I reflected, that I ought to go and ſee him: That there was no Time to be loſt: That it was the firſt Thing I ought to do, on Account of my Situation, and that I might very well mind the Bundle the next Day. Lord! how ſilly I am, to give my ſelf ſo much Trouble to Day, about theſe naſty Clothes! (I called them naſty, to make my ſelf believe, that I did not care for them.) It will be much better, to ſend them Home to Morrow Morning. *Valville* will certainly be at Home, at that Time; and Ten to One he is now abroad. Let us let the Bundle alone, till by and by. When I come back from the Monk, I then ſhall make it ready. My Foot does hardly pain me at all. I ſhall go very gently to the Convent, to which,

you muſt know, he had directed me, when he came to ſee me laſt.

Very well! But what Cap ſhall I put on? What Cap? Ay, that I had pulled off, and which was juſt by me. For, was it worth my while, to open my Box, and look for another Cap, ſince this was ſo ready at Hand?

And beſides, as it was much finer than mine, it was even proper, I ſhould chuſe to put it on, that I might ſhew it the Monk, who would thence judge, that he who gave it me had done it with ſome very particular Deſign, and that it was not credible, he would have bought me ſuch fine Things, out of mere Charity. For I was reſolved to tell the Monk my whole Adventure, becauſe he had appeared to me to be a ſincere and a good Chriſtian; and this Cap could not but be a very palpable Proof of what I had to ſay to him.

Nor had I leſs Reaſon to pull off the Gown, the Sight of which would ſtill be a much ſtronger Proof of the Truth of my Words.

I then kept it on, and without the leaſt Scruple. Reaſon itſelf required, it ſhould be ſo. The imperceptible Artifice of my little Arguments led me thus far, and I took Courage till another Time.

Come

Come, come, ſaid I, let us dreſs again. And this was done in a Minute, and then I came down to go out.

Mrs. *Du Tour* was below with her Neighbour. Whither are you going, *Marianne*, ſaid ſhe? To Church, anſwered I: And I hardly lied in this, a Church and a Convent being very near the ſame. That's very well done, my Girl, replied ſhe, very well done. Recommend your ſelf to God's holy Will. My Neighbour and I were ſpeaking of you, and I was juſt telling her, that I intend to Morrow to have a Maſs ſaid on your Account.

And as ſhe was ſaying this, her Neighbour, who had already ſeen me two or three Times, and who had hitherto taken but little Notice of me, began then to look hard at me, and with a vulgar Kind of Curioſity, which made her ſhrug her Shoulders now and then, ſaying, Poor Child! She makes my Heart ach. There is none but would think her of ſome good Family, to look at her. This was a Way of being moved, and ſhewing a Concern, which I neither liked nor cared for. Nor did I thank her for it, but made haſte to leave my two Goſſips.

From the Time Mr. *De Climal* went, till I went my ſelf, I really had thought of nothing reaſonable. I had employed my ſelf in deſpiſing Mr. *De Climal*, in complaining

ing of *Valville*, in loving him. I formed many Projects about him. Some were Schemes of Fondneſs, others of Loftineſs, and Part of my Time had been employed, in regretting my Clothes. But, as to my diſmal Condition, I had not mentioned that. It gave me not the leaſt Concern; nor had I ſo much as thought of it.

But the Buſtle of the Streets removed all theſe frivolous Fancies, and brought me to myſelf again.

The more People I ſaw ſtirring and moving in the vaſt City of *Paris*, the more it appeared a gloomy ſilent diſmal Deſart to me. A Foreſt would have looked leſs ſolitary in my Eyes, and I ſhould have thought my ſelf leſs lonely and deſerted in it. For I might have found Means, to have got out of the Foreſt. But how could I free my ſelf from the Deſart I was then in. Nay, the whole Earth was a Deſart to me, ſince I had in it no Manner of Relation to any Mortal whatever.

The Crowd of thoſe Men, who encompaſſed me, and ſpoke to one another; their Buſtle; that of the Coaches; and the very Sight of ſo many Houſes all inhabited, did nothing but increaſe my Conſternation.

Nothing of all I now ſee concerns me, ſaid I to my ſelf, and then added; How happy all theſe People are? Each of them has his proper Aſylum and Place of Retire-

ment.

ment. When the Night returns, they will all repair to their Houſes. And I know not whither to go. No one expects me Home. No one will want me. If I have a Shelter, it is for no longer than to Day; and I ſhall have none at all to Morrow.

However, this was ſaying too much, ſince I had ſtill ſome Money left, and could, till Heaven would be pleaſed to ſend me Aſſiſtance, put my ſelf into a Lodging. But a Refuge for only a few Days may be well called no Refuge at all.

I give you pretty near all that paſſed within me, by the Way.

However, I did not cry then; but my Grief was the more poignant on that Account. I, as it were, collected Motives for crying. My Soul was inſtructing itſelf in whatever was able to torture it. It was taking a View of all its Misfortunes. And this, you know, is not the Time of Tears. We ſhed them only after we have ſwallowed the Poiſon of Sorrow, and hardly ever while we are taking it. But then I ſhall very ſoon cry. Only follow me to my good Monk. My Heart is ready to break. It is oppreſſed and ſhrunk with Grief. I am as fine and well dreſſed now, as I was in the Morning; but I don't think of that; or, if I do, the Thought gives me no Satisfaction. Several People look on me, as I paſs. I take Notice of it, without

out hugging my ſelf in the leaſt on that Account. I hear others ſay, Lord! what an handſome young Lady! And this obliges me, but gives me no Joy. I have not even the Power to feel the inward Satisfaction it raiſes.

I alſo think ſometimes of *Valville* in the Way; but it is only to put me in Mind, that it would be ridiculous, to think of him any more. And really my Situation diſcourages the natural Bias I have towards him.

Love would indeed be a very becoming, and very ſeaſonable Paſſion in me! It would ſuit admirably well an unfortunate Girl, who is now a Wanderer, and a perfect Stranger to every one on Earth, whereon ſhe is born for Shame, and either to be the Object of the Scorn, or of the Compaſſion of others.

I got thither at laſt, but in a Heavineſs of Heart not to be expreſſed. I aſked for the Monk, and they conveyed me into an outward Hall, where they told me he was with another Perſon. And that Perſon was (Pray, Madam, admire this extraordinary Chance) Mr. *De Climal* himſelf, who ſucceſſively bluſhed and grew pale, at the Sight of me, and on whom I no more caſt my Eyes, than if I never had ſeen him in my Life.

Ah!

Ah! Is it you, Madam? ſaid the Monk. Pray, walk in. I am glad you came in juſt now. We were juſt ſpeaking of you. Pray, take this Chair.

No, Father! ſaid immediately Mr. *De Climal*, taking his Leave of the Monk. Give me Leave to retire. It would not be proper for me to ſtay here, after what has happened. Not that I am in the leaſt angry with this young Lady. God forbid I ever ſhould. I forgive her with all my Heart, and, far from having the leaſt Grudge, for the wrong Opinion ſhe has conceived of me, I proteſt, dear Father, that I now wiſh her more good than ever I did, and that I thank God heartily, for the Mortification I have undergone, in acting charitably towards her. But I think Prudence, and even Religion will not allow me to ſee her any more.

And this ſaid, my Devotee bowed to the Monk, and what's ſtill worſe, he bowed to me too, with his Eyes modeſtly caſt down, while I on my Part caſt my Head down alſo, and he was ready to withdraw, when the Monk holding him by the Arm, No, dear Sir, ſaid he to him, no; you ſhan't go ſo ſoon. I intreat you not to do it, and to hear me. I am fully perſuaded, that your Diſpoſitions are moſt laudable and edifying. You forgive her; you wiſh her all Manner of Good, and that is,

no Doubt, the beſt of Sentiments: But, pray remark, that you intend no longer to do her Good; that you abandon her, notwithſtanding the great Need ſhe ſtands in of your Aſſiſtance, notwithſtanding her Offence, which would render your Action twenty Times more meritorious, and the Charity with which you imagine yourſelf to be ſtill animated towards her, though you diſpenſe with the Exerciſe of it. Take Care, Sir, and examine, whether this be not entirely extinguiſhed in you. You thank God, you ſay, for the little Mortification he was pleaſed to ſend you. 'Tis very well: But if you deſign, to make your ſelf worthy of that Mortification, which is in reality a Favour from him; If, I ſay, you have a Mind, to be truly worthy of it, let your Cares increaſe every Day for this poor Orphan, who doubtleſs will acknowledge her Fault; who, beſides, is young and unexperienced, to whom ſomebody was perhaps pleaſed to ſay, that ſhe has ſome Beauty and Accompliſhments, and who out of Vanity, Timorouſneſs, or if you will out of Virtue, may very eaſily have miſtaken your Character. Is it not true? ſaid he to me, my dear Child? Are you not ſenſible of your having wronged this Gentleman, to whom you are ſo much beholden? and who, far from having any Deſigns upon you, but what are agreeable

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to the Laws of God, had no other Intention, in the holy Affections he expreſſed towards you, and in his kind and pious Invitations, but that of ingaging you to fly from whatever might lead you aſtray your ſelf? God be a thouſand and a thouſand Times bleſt, for having directed you to come hither to Day. You ſee very plain, my dear Sir, that God ſends her again to you on Purpoſe. Come, dear Daughter: Own your Fault freely, and repent of it from the very Bottom of your Heart, and give me your Chriſtian Word, that you will make amends for it, by all imaginable Reſpect, Truſt, and Gratitude. Come forward, added he: For I kept as far as I could from Mr. *De Climal*.

Lord! Sir, I then cried, addreſſing to that Hypocrite, is the Wrong mine? And can you hear that ſaid calmly? Alas! God knows every Thing. Let him do us both Juſtice. You can't but be ſenſible, that it was not poſſible, I could miſtake you ſo groſly as you pretend; and I melted in Tears, as I was ſaying theſe laſt Words.

Mr. *De Climal*, as bold and barefaced a Tartuffe as he was, could not reſiſt this. I ſaw Perplexity breaking through his diſſembling Looks. He could not even avoid owning it, and leſt the Monk ſhould at length take Notice of it, and begin to ſuſpect him, he, like a prudent and experienced

enced Man, took the ſudden Reſolution of ingenuouſly ſhewing and owning his Perplexity.

This diſconcerts me extremely, ſaid he with the Air of a modeſt Confuſion, and I am at a Loſs, what to anſwer. What an Affront does ſhe intend me! Ah Father, added he, help me to bear this new Affliction. The Thing will ſpread abroad. This poor wretched Girl will noiſe it about every where. She will not ſpare me. Alas, Child, ſaid he addreſſing to me, how unjuſt will you be in ſo doing! But I muſt bear it, ſince it is God's Will. Adieu, Father! Pray ſpeak to her, and if poſſible make her quit ſo ill an Opinion. 'Tis true, I expreſſed a great Tenderneſs towards her; but ſhe did not underſtand the Nature of it. It was her Soul I loved. It is that I love ſtill; for it deſerves it much. Yes, Father, this young Lady has a great Deal of Virtue. I have found in her a thouſand good Qualities. And ſince it is no longer proper I ſhould any Way concern myſelf with her or her Intereſts, I intreat you to take Care of her.

Having thus ſaid, he withdrew; and that Time he bowed to the Monk alone, who, as he returned his Civility, looked as if he was at a Loſs how to behave. He followed him with his Eyes, till he was quite out of Sight; and then turning towards

wards me, told me almoſt in Tears, Indeed, Daughter, you vex me very much. I am not at all ſatisfied with you. You have neither Docility, nor Gratitude. You only take the Advice of your young Brains; and now ſee the Conſequence of it. Ah! how honeſt that Man is! And what a Loſs have you had! What would you have me do now! In vain you now apply to me for Aſſiſtance; quite in vain. What Service can I now do you? I have done all that was in my Power. If you did not make the beſt Uſe on't, it is neither my Fault, nor that of the good honeſt Soul and the Friend I had found out for you, who treated you as if you had been his own Daughter. For he has told me every Thing. He ſupplied all your Neceſſaries, gave you Clothes, Linen, Money, and paid for your Board. He had even aſſured me, that his Intention was, to give you a Settlement, and marry you. And becauſe he does not approve you ſhould ſee his Nephew, who is a young giddy Fellow, and a Debauchee, becauſe he intends to defend you from an Acquaintance, who would be very dangerous to you, and whom you have a Mind to entertain, it is out of Spite you think, that ſo pious and virtuous a Man is in Love with, and even jealous of you. Pray, is not this very ſtrange? Nay, very frightful? Him! to be jealous! and in Love

with

with you! God will punish you for the Thought, Child, the mere Production of your own bad Heart. God, I say, will punish you for it.

I wept while he spoke. Pray, Father, hear me, replied I to him, sobbing and crying! In the Name of God, hear me!

Well, what would you say to me? answered he. What Business had you with this young Man? Why are you so obstinately bent on seeing him? Is that a right Conduct? However, I could pardon that Piece of Extravagance: But, to be so peevish! so full of Grudge! so ungrateful and ill-natured towards a venerable Person, to whom you are so much beholden! What will become of you, if you don't amend so many Faults? Lord! what a Misfortune a Turn of Mind like yours is? Indeed, your Proceedings scandalize me to the utmost. See now, how handsomely you are dressed. Would any one think, that you had no Parents? And even if you had, and they should be ever so rich, could they maintain you better than you are now kept? Ten to one, not so well by half. And all this, no doubt, you have from him? Lord! how I pity you! He gave you every Thing in Plenty ——— Ah! Father, said I aloud, you are in the right, but pray don't condemn me before you hear me. I don't know his Nephew. I never saw or was

with

with him, but one Hour in my Life, and that by mere Chance. Nor do I care, whether I ſee him any more, or not. I don't ſo much as think upon him. What Correſpondence can I have with ſuch a Man? I am not mad, Father, and Mr. *De Climal* deceives you. It is not for that Reaſon I break with him. Pray, beware of Prejudice. You talk of my Clothes. They are indeed but too handſome. I was ſurprized at their Fineneſs, and you are amazed at it yourſelf. Pray, Father, come a little nearer, and behold the perfect Beauty of this Linen. I proteſt to you, that it was againſt my Will, it was ſo handſome. I was very loth to accept of it, eſpecially on Account of his ſuſpicious Behaviour towards me. I told him, that I would not have it, but in vain. He laughed at me, and gave me no other Anſwer but this, Go, look in your Glaſs, and then ſay, That this Linen is too handſome for you. Well, Father! If you had been in my Place, what would you have thought of ſuch Words? And tell me in good Earneſt, if Mr. *De Climal* is ſo devout, and ſo ſincerely virtuous, what Buſineſs had he to take this Notice of my Face? Let it be handſome or homely, what could that be to him? Again, why did he in Jeſt call me *Dear Rogue*, when we were in his Coach? And why did he whiſper in my Ear, that

I ſhould make my Heart a little leſs hard, and more apprehenſive, and that he left his with me to forward the Work? What can all this ſignify? When a Man is purely pious, does he ever ſpeak of a Girl's Heart? Or does he leave his with her? Does he, in a Word, kiſs her, as Mr. *De Climal* endeavoured to do me in the Coach?

To kiſs you! Child; to kiſs you! Sure you don't ſay ſo? Good God of Heaven! Don't you know, that you ought never to ſay thoſe Things? Firſt, becauſe they cannot be true, and then who will believe you? Indeed, Child, you are miſtaken. It can't be ſo. It is perfectly impoſſible. To kiſs you! He, to kiſs you! Lord! what a Dream! How you wrong the poor Man! In a Coach People are toſſed and tumbled, and ſome ſudden Jog muſt needs have forced his Head to touch yours. It can be nothing elſe; and that muſt be what your Pet made you take for a Kiſs. When we hate People, we always put a bad Conſtruction on every Thing they do.

Lord! Father! replied I, what Reaſon could I have to hate him at that Time? I never had ſeen yet his Nephew, whom he pretends to be the Occaſion of my being angry with him. I never had ſeen him indeed. But, had I really been miſtaken, on Account of the Kiſs, which you are pleaſed not to take for ſuch, Mr. *De Climal* never

never would have confirmed me in my Opinion. He never would have continued ſuch Behaviour at Mrs. *Du Tour*'s, nor have handled and praiſed my Hair, as he did in my Room, where he would be always laying hold of my Hand, which he kiſſed every Minute, making me a thouſand Compliments, which I was quite aſhamed to hear.

Lord! Madam; what ſtrange Things do you tell me? —— Softly, pray, ſoftly, ſaid he to me, with the Air of one who is more aſtoniſhed than incredulous. A Girl's Hair, which he touched and praiſed! He! Mr. *De Climal!* I don't conceive that. What could the Man mean by that? I muſt own, that he had done much better not to have behaved ſo. Theſe are Ways of Acting and Abſences, which, I confeſs, are not very decent. It is never well to touch a Girl's Hair. Sure, he could not know how unbecoming his Action was. But however, it muſt be allowed a Geſture that can portend no Good. And my Hand, which he advanced to his Mouth, Father! anſwered I, is that the Effect of an Abſence of Mind alſo?

Oh! your Hand, replied he, I don't underſtand that. There are many People may take you by the Hand, when they ſpeak to you; and he, perhaps, has that Cuſtom. I am ſure, I myſelf have done

the ſame Thing a thouſand Times in my Life.

Very well, Father, replied I: But, when you take a Girl by the Hand, you don't kiſs it twenty Times over. You don't tell her, that her Hand is handſome. You don't kneel, nor talk of Love to her.

Good God of Heaven! cried he. Lord have Mercy! Hold your Tongue, you little Viper! What you ſay now is horrid. The Devil inſpired you with it: The Devil, I ſay. Go, go, away! I won't hear you any more. I don't believe a Word of all you ſaid. Your Hair, your Hand, and the reſt, are nothing but Stories. Let me alone. Lord! what a dangerous little Creature is this? She confounds and ſcares me. Lord! what is the World now come to! Such a Girl as this to ſay, that Mr. *De Climal*, who leads the Life of a perfect Penitent, and is entirely devoted to his God, kneeled before her, to talk of Love to her. Bleſt Heaven! What an Age do we live in!

And this he ſaid, clapping his Hands together, as one who was frighten'd at what I ſaid, and who was willing to remove that Idea as ſoon as he could, leſt he ſhould be tempted to examine into the Thing.

Indeed, Father, replied I all in Tears, and extremely vexed at his great Prejudice, you uſe me very unjuſtly, and it is the higheſt Degree of Misfortune to me, to find

find nothing but Abuſe and Reproaches from the Quarter, whence I expected Comfort and Aſſiſtance. You have known the Perſon who brought me to *Paris*, and who brought me up. You told me yourſelf, you had a great Value for her, and that her Virtue had edified you much. You heard her Confeſſion when ſhe died. Sure, ſhe never ſpoke to you againſt her Conſcience, and you know very well, what ſhe told you of me. You may eaſily remember it; for it is no long Time ſince God took her from me, and I don't think, that ſince her Death I ever did any Thing that could poſſibly give you the ſtrange Opinion, you now entertain of me. On the contrary, my perfect Innocence, and Want of Experience excited your Compaſſion, as well as the Fright you ſaw me in. Nevertheleſs you pretend, that I am ſuddenly become a wicked and profligate Creature, and the moſt unworthy and moſt monſtrous in the World. You imagine, that in the midſt of my Grief, and in the Extremity I am now reduced to, a Man, with whom I was but an Hour, and that by Accident, and whom I ſhall never ſee any more, has rendered me ſo tender, ſo paſſionate, and ſo deſperately in Love with him, that I have on a Sudden loſt all Senſe and Conſcience; ſo as to have Courage and Artifice enough, to contrive Things that ſtrike

one with Horror, and, for the Sake of that pretended Lover, to forge the moſt horrid Impoſtures, to caſt an Odium upon a Man, who would ſincerely help me to live, who might do me ſo much good, and whoſe Benevolence it would have been ſo much my Intereſt to entertain, had he not been, in Effect, a Libertine, who plays the Devotee, and gives me nothing, but in order to make me, if poſſible, an unworthy and a diſhoneſt Woman.

Bleſt Heaven! how tranſported ſhe is with her Anger! Whoever ſaw any Thing like it! cried he with his Head caſt down, without farther interrupting me. And then I went on.

Indeed, Father, he aims at nothing elſe, and that is the only Reaſon why he ſupplies me with Clothes ſo fine. Let him tell you what Stories he will, our Quarrel had certainly no other Ground, and if I had conſented to leave the Place where I am now, and to be carried to a Houſe which he intended to furniſh very ſumptuouſly for me, and where he deſigned to put me as a Boarder, with one of his Dependents, who, he ſays, is a Sollicitor, and whom he would have told, that I was his Kinſwoman, newly come from the Country; what would you have ſaid to that? A pretty Devotion indeed! which ——

How!

How! What! replied then the Monk, ſtopping me: A Sollicitor, you ſay? Is he married?

Yes, Father, replied I, he is married. A Sollicitor, who is not rich; in whoſe Houſe I was to learn Singing, Dancing, Playing on the Harpſicord; in whoſe Family I was to have been perfect Miſtreſs, on Account of the vaſt Reſpect, they would have been told, they were to have for me, and whoſe Wife ſhould have come and fetched me to Morrow Morning from the Place where I now live. Had I been willing to follow her: Had I not refuſed to accept of a Contract of five or ſix hundred Livres a Year, which was to be delivered to me by to Morrow Morning, and was only a Prelude to more: Had I not ſhewed him, that I looked upon all his Propoſals as on the moſt horrid Abominations, he never would have reproached me as he did, the *Louid'ores* he gave me, which I will return him, and theſe Clothes, which I am aſhamed to have on, and of which, God forbid, I ever ſhould make the leaſt Advantage. Nor will he tell you, that I threatned to come hither, to inform you of his unworthy Love and Deſigns, to which he was bold enough to anſwer, that even your ſelf, if you were to know that, would look upon it as a Trifle, as an inſignificant Peccadillo, which all the World almoſt

was guilty of; which you might well be guilty of your ſelf, and which you would not preſume to ſay, you never ſhould fall into: Becauſe there is not one Man, though ever ſo virtuous, but is liable to be in Love, and not able to reſiſt it. See now, Father, whether it is probable I could have contrived all this.

My bleſſed Saviour! ſaid he quite amazed. My good God! What an aſtoniſhing Recital is this! What muſt I think of it? What are we poor Mortals! Indeed, Child, your Diſcourſe ſtaggers me. That Sollicitor puzzles me much. He amazes me, I muſt own: For I know him. I have ſeen him with Mr. *De Climal*, (ſaid he aſide) and it is not poſſible, that this young Girl could have gueſſed, that he employs that Sollicitor, and that he is a married Man. Is he not an ill-looked Fellow, Child? ſaid the Monk to me.

Ah! Father, I know nothing of that, ſaid I to him. Mr. *De Climal* did only mention him to me: But I ſaw neither him nor his Wife. So much the better, replied he, ſo much the better. Yes, yes, I now underſtand very well. You were only to go to live with them. The Husband is a Man I never could like. But, Daughter, this is the ſtrangeſt Thing in the World. If your Words are true, in the Name of God, whom ſhall we truſt hereafter?

If

If my Words are true! Father! And pray, why ſhould I tell you a Lie? You think, perhaps, I might do it on Account of Mr. *De Climal*'s Nephew? Oh! that I were for ever doomed to a Nunnery! never to ſee or meet him more!

Very well! ſaid he, very well! that's very good. No body can ſpeak more reaſonably. Beſides, Father! added I, go to the Tradeſwoman, to whom Mr. *De Climal* put me, and ask her what ſhe thinks of him, and whether ſhe does not look on him as a Cheat, and a mere Hypocrite. Ask his Nephew, whether he did not find him at my Feet, holding me by the Hand, which he kiſſed, and which I could not get from him. Which ſcandalized that young Man ſo much, that he now takes me to be no better than I ſhould. In ſhort, Father! conſider the vaſt Confuſion Mr. *De Climal* was in, when he ſaw me. Did you not take Notice of that?

Yes, yes, ſaid he, he bluſhed. You are in the Right, and I am perfectly confounded. Can ſuch a Thing be poſſible? I can't beat that Sollicitor out of my Head. This is a terrible Article againſt him. Nor do I much better like his Amazement. What can he mean too by his Contract of five hundred Livres a Year? I think he is very haſty in his Generoſity. What means that ſumptuous Furniture? And all thoſe

Maſters, to teach ſo many trifling Things? With whom then would he have you dance? A very pretty Piece of Charity, indeed! Inſtruct People to go to the Maſquerade. Such a Man! Mr. *De Climal!* The Lord help us! I don't know what to ſay to ſo ſtrange an Affair. Alas! to how many Frailties are poor Mortals ſubject! What an odd Medley of Miſery is Man! Don't think of it any more, Child! I believe you don't deceive me. No; you are not capable of ſo many Falſhoods. But let us talk of that no more. Do you be diſcreet, Child! Charity will have you to be ſo, do you hear? Never reveal this ſtrange Adventure to any Body. Let us take Care, never to divert the World, with ſuch a Piece of Scandal. Ill People would make their Advantage of it, and think, it gives them a Right to laugh at the ſincere Servants of God. Endeavour even, to perſuade yourſelf, that your Eyes and Ears deceived you. This Diſpoſition of Mind, this Innocence of Thought, will be moſt acceptable before God, and draw down his Bleſſings upon you. Go, dear Child, go Home, and be comforted. (And this, he ſaid, on Account of the Tears I was then ſhedding, in much greater Plenty, becauſe he pitied me.)

Be conſtantly honeſt, ſaid he, and Providence will take Care of you. I am buſy.

I muſt

I muſt leave ye: But hark you; Give me the Tradeſwoman's Direction, where you live.

Alas! Father, ſaid I, when I had given it him, I ſhall only ſtay there the Reſt of this Day. The Penſion that was paid her for my Board, expires to Morrow. I am therefore forced to leave her Houſe, and ſhe expects I ſhould do ſo. I ſhall not know whither to go for a Shelter, if you abandon me, Father! I have none but you. You are my only Comfort, my only Refuge.

I! Dear Daughter! Alas! What a Pity! What can ſuch a poor Monk as I do for you? I have no Power. But, God Almighty's Power is infinite. We ſhall ſee, Child! We ſhall ſee. I will think of it. God knows my good Will. He will perhaps inſpire me with ſomething good for you. All depends on him. I ſhall pray to him on my Part; Do you do the ſame on yours. Say to him: *My God! In thee alone have I put my Truſt.* Don't fail, Child! And to Morrow at nine o'Clock without Fail, I ſhall be with you. Don't go out before that Time. Now, 'tis late, I am buſy: God b'w'y'. Be eaſy: You have a great Way home. Heaven ſpeed you. Farewell, till to Morrow.

I took my Leave of him, without being able to utter one Word, and went away, as melancholy and dejected, at leaſt, as I

was when I came to him. Theſe holy and pious Exhortations, made me ſtill more afraid of my diſmal Situation, than I ever had been before. This was, becauſe I was not godly enough, and becauſe a Woman of my Age thinks, that all Hope is loſt, when, in a Caſe like this, ſhe is told, that there is no other Refuge left her, but God's. This ſerious Idea frightens, and even ſhocks her little Faith. Young People ſeldom truſt to any Thing, but what they ſee, and are unacquainted with any, but terreſtrial Objects.

I then was in a profound Conſternation, as I went, never had my Diſcouragement, and Heavineſs of Heart, been ſo exceſſive.

Some Impediment in the Street ſtopped me at the Door of a Nunnery. I ſaw the Church opened, and, partly out of a Sentiment of Religion, that ſeized me that Inſtant; partly to find a Place, where I could ſigh at Liberty, and hide my Tears, which fix'd the whole Attention of thoſe that paſſed, upon me, I went into that Church, wherein there was not one Soul, and I kneeled down, at a Confeſſional.

There I abandoned my ſelf to my Sorrow, and gave Vent to my Sobbing and Lamentations. I ſay, to my Lamentations; for I was bemoaning my ſelf, and ſaying: Why did I come into this World? O ſad!

O ſad! What do I do now on Earth? My God! Thou ſenteſt me thither; Oh! help me! And other the like.

I was in the Height of my Grief and Exclamations, when a Lady, whom I did not ſee enter, and whom I only perceived, when ſhe afterwards retired, came into the Church.

I found afterwards, that ſhe was but juſt come from the Country: That ſhe had ordered her Coachman, to ſtop at the Door of the Convent, where ſhe was very well known, and where ſome of her Friends in the Country, had commiſſioned her to deliver a Letter to the Prioreſs, and that, while they were gone to call the Prioreſs, ſhe peeped into the Church, of which ſhe, as I had, found the Door opened.

Scarce was ſhe come in, but my Groans and Lamentations ſtruck her Ear, ſhe heard all I ſaid, and ſaw me in the Poſture of the moſt diſconſolate Perſon in the World.

I was then ſitting, with my Head hanging down, my Arms hanging looſe, and in ſo deep a Study, that I forgot where I was.

You know I was well dreſſed, and though ſhe could not ſee my Face, there is always a certain light, delicate, and genteel Air attending a young and pretty Perſon,

which made her eaſily gueſs my Age. My Sorrow, which ſhe judged to be extreme, moved her. My Youth, my Genteelneſs, and perhaps my fine Dreſs, gave her a tender Concern for me. I ſay, my fine Dreſs: For that is always a very great Commendation.

It can't but be very advantageous, on Occaſions like this, to pleaſe the Eyes. They recommend you to the Heart. If you are unfortunate, and meanly dreſſed, the beſt natured People, either take no Notice of you, or have but a very ſorry Concern for you. You want the Attraction which ſtrikes their Vanity, and nothing incites us ſo much to be generous; nothing is more capable of making us reliſh the Pleaſure, and the Honour, of being ſerviceable to others, than their noble Countenance.

The Lady I am ſpeaking of, examined me much, and would have even ſtayed, till I had turned my Head, to ſee me, had not a Maid come, to tell her, that the Prioreſs waited for her in the Parlour.

I came to my ſelf, at the Noiſe ſhe made in going out, and as I heard ſomebody walk, I turned, to ſee who it was. She expected that, and our Eyes met.

At the Sight of her, I coloured at thinking, that ſhe had ſurprized me in my Lamentations. However, amidſt my little Shame,

Shame, I obſerved, that ſhe was pretty well ſatisfied with my Looks, and that my Grief moved her. All this was implied in her very Looks, ſo that mine, (if they told her what I then felt,) could not but appear to her as full of Gratitude as they were modeſt: For Souls have their Intercourſes.

She conſtantly looked on me, as ſhe walked. I inſenſibly caſt my Eyes down, and ſhe went out of the Church.

I remained about half a Quarter of an Hour in it, both to wipe off my Tears, and to think what I ſhould do the next Day, in Caſe the Cares of my good Monk ſhould not ſucceed. How I envy the Condition of the holy Virgins, that live in this Convent! How happy they are!

I was quite taken up with that Thought, when a Maid, that looked after the Door of the Convent for that Day, came in, and told me very civilly; Madam, the Church is going to be ſhut. I am going out this Minute: Madam, ſaid I, to her, not daring to give her any but a Side-Glance, for fear ſhe ſhould perceive, that I had been crying; But, I did not mind, what Tone I anſwered her in, which betrayed me. She found it ſo very melancholy and mournful, ſhe ſaw me beſides ſo young, ſo prettily dreſſed, and ſo pretty myſelf, as ſhe hath ſince told me, that

ſhe

ſhe could not help ſaying to me: Lord! Dear Madam, what ails you? Good God! How I pity you! What can vex you to ſuch a Degree? You would perhaps ſpeak to ſome of our Ladies? Which of them ſhall I call to you?

I replied nothing to all this: But my Eyes began again to flow with Tears. We Women and Girls are very apt to cry, when any Body tells us, we have been crying. It is a childiſh, and a Sort of puerile Delicacy in our Sex, which we cannot very eaſily ſhake off.

Pray, Madam, tell me what is the Matter, ſaid the Woman, inſiſting much on an Anſwer. I beg of you, ſpeak to me freely. Shall I go and tell any of our Nuns, that you want to ſpeak with her? And you muſt know, that, in the mean Time, I was reflecting on what ſhe thus repeated. Perhaps it is God himſelf that ſends her to inſpire me with that Thought, ſaid I to my ſelf, quite engaged by the mild and tender Eagerneſs, with which ſhe invited me to break Silence; and in the ſame Breath; Yes, Madam, anſwered I to her, I ſhould be very glad, to ſpeak to the Prioreſs, if ſhe be at Leiſure.

Well, my dear Lady, come, replied ſhe, follow me, I ſhall convey you to the Parlour, and ſhe will be there in a Minute; Come.

I then

I then followed her. We went up a little Pair of Stairs. She opened a Door, and whom ſhould I ſee at firſt, but the ſame Lady juſt mentioned, whom I had only a Glimpſe of, as ſhe was going out of the Church, and who had then looked at me, in ſo kind and obliging a Manner.

She was extremely pleaſed, at ſeeing me again, and got up, with a very friendly Air, to make Room for me.

She was with the Prioreſs of the Nunnery, and I have already told you the Cauſe of her Viſit.

Madam, ſaid my Guide to the Prioreſs, I was going to tell you, that this young Lady wanted to ſpeak with you.

The Prioreſs was a ſhort, thick, plump, fair, double-chin'd Woman, with a freſh and hearty Complection. There are no Faces like this to be met with, in the World. The good Plight of ſuch a Body is not like that of others. It is formed more at eaſe, and more methodically, that is, with more Artifice, more Ceremony, and with a more refined Self-Love, than the beſt Conſtitution of our worldly People.

It is for the Generality, either the natural Conſtitution, or the Quantity of Food, or our Lazineſs and Effeminacy, that gives us a good Plight of Body. And this is the Courſe of Nature. But, with Regard

to

to the good Conſtitution, I am now conſidering, that could only be obtained, 'tis plain, by a conſtant, devout, and tender Care, the good Lady had exerted without ceaſing, in conſulting the Eaſe and Welfare of her own dear Perſon. It is a Proof, that ſhe not only regards her Life and Health, but is no Enemy to a ſoft, effeminate, and voluptuous Life; that ſhe not only enjoys the Pleaſure of a perfect Health, but alſo procures herſelf as many nice and delicate Proviſions, as if ſhe was always on the Recovery of Health.

But then, this cloiſtered good Plight of Body, does not carry the ſame Outſide, as that of ours, which looks more profane. For it renders not the Face fat and plump, ſo much, as it gives it a grave and decent Countenance. It communicates to the Looks, not a gay, but a calm and a contented Air.

However, every attentive Beholder may remark, that theſe good Creatures the Nuns, are outwardly polite and courteous, though inwardly cold and unconcerned. It is their Mien, not their Soul, grows tender, and ſhews a Concern for you. They are fine Images, which ſeem to be ſenſible, but have nothing but the Outſide and the Shew of Good-Nature. But, let us ſay no more of that. I only point at the outward Appearance, and won't pretend

to judge of the Reſt. Let us return to the Prioreſs. I ſhall perhaps draw her Picture, in another Place.

Madam, I am your moſt humble Servant, ſaid ſhe, making a Bow to ſalute me. May I know, to whom I have the Honour to ſpeak? The Honour is mine, replied I, rather out of Shame than Modeſty; and if I had even told you, who I am, I ſhould not be a Whit better known to you for that, Madam.

If I am not miſtaken, this was the Lady I ſaw in the Church, into which I came for one Moment, ſaid the Lady above-mentioned, with a tender Smile. I thought I had ſeen her cry, and that grieved me much. I return you a thouſand Thanks, Madam, for your kind Concern, replied I, in a low and timorous Tone, and then I remained ſilent. I was at a Loſs how to enter upon the Matter. The Reception I had from the Prioreſs, though extremely civil, had intirely diſheartened me. I had on a ſudden, without knowing why, loſt all Hopes of any Favour from her. The firſt Sight of her had ſtruck me, and this anſwers the Name, I juſt now gave them of Images, and was what I could not very well find out. She will pity and lament my Situation, ſaid I to myſelf; but ſhe won't afford me any Help. There is no ſuch Thing to be hoped for, from this Quarter. How-

However, theſe Ladies roſe and ſtood all the While, which made me bluſh, becauſe my Dreſs deceived them. I was my ſelf much below ſo much Ceremony. Do you deſire to ſpeak with me alone? Said the Prioreſs.

As you pleaſe, Madam, anſwered I: But I ſhould be very ſorry, to ſee the Lady go, for my Sake, and to give you the leaſt Trouble. If you will, Madam, I ſhall come again.

And this I ſaid, on purpoſe to rid my ſelf of the Perplexity, I had thrown my ſelf into, and with an Intention not to return.

No, Madam, no, ſaid the Lady to me, taking me by the Hand, to make me come forward, you certainly ſhan't go. My Viſit is over, and I was going. I therefore ſhall leave you at Liberty. You have ſome great Sorrow on your Spirits, for I ſaw it. You deſerve People's Concern, and I ſhould never forgive my ſelf, for being the Occaſion of your going, in ſuch an Occurrence.

Yes, Madam, ſaid I to her, quite melted by her Words, and all in Tears, I own I am in Sorrow, and a very great Sorrow. Nobody has more Reaſon to be grieved: None is more to be pitied, and worthier of Compaſſion, than I am: And you ſhew me ſo generous an Heart, Madam, that I ſhall

ſhall make no Difficulty of ſpeaking before you. You muſt not go. You ſhall be no Conſtraint to me. On the contrary, it is a great Happineſs to me that you are here. You will help me, to obtain the Favour, which I now beg on my Knees of the Prioreſs, (and I really threw myſelf at her Feet,) which is, that ſhe would be ſo kind, to receive me into her Houſe.

Ah! my lovely Child! How you move me! ſaid the Prioreſs, ſtretching out her Arms wide open, from the Place where ſhe ſtood towards me, whilſt the Lady was raiſing me, with all imaginable Affection. How fortunate I think my ſelf, for the Choice you have made of my Houſe! As ſoon as I ſaw you, indeed, the Occaſion of your coming crowded into my Mind. Your Modeſty ſtruck me. Did I not think to myſelf; Is not this a predeſtinate Lady, that comes to me? For your Vocation is indeed intimated, by your very Looks. Is it not true, Madam, ſaid ſhe? Are you not of my Opinion? Lord! how handſome ſhe is! How modeſt ſhe looks! Ah! my dear Daughter! How tranſported am I, for your Reſolution! What Joy do you give me! Come, my Angel! Come. I would lay a Wager, that ſhe is an only Daughter, and that her Parents would marry her againſt her Will. But pray, my Dear! Is it immediately

that

that you intend to come into the Convent? We muſt however let your Parents know it. Is it not true? Whom ſhall I ſend to?

Alas! Mother! replied I, I can direct you to nobody in the World. My Confuſion and Groans ſtopped me there. Well, ſaid ſhe, what is the Matter? Nothing of what you imagine, Mother! I have not the Comfort of Parents. At leaſt, if I have any, I never knew them in my Life.

O Jeſus! Madam, replied ſhe with an imperceptible and grave Slackening of Zeal, this is very cruel indeed! No Parents! Who then takes Care of you? For 'tis likely, you have no Fortune neither. What is become then of your Father and Mother?

I was but two Years old, anſwered I, when they were aſſaſſinated by ſome Highwaymen, in a Stage-Coach, in which I was with them. Their Servants were likewiſe killed. I was the only one whoſe Life was ſpared, and I was carried to a Country Parſon's, who is now dead, and whoſe Siſter, which was a moſt pious Woman, has brought me up, with all imaginable Tenderneſs and Good-Nature. But, alas! I had the Misfortune to ſee her expire a few Days ago, here in *Paris*, whither ſhe came, not only to adminiſter

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to adminiſter to a Relation, (which ſhe could not do, on Account of the Debts of the Deceaſed) but alſo to ſee, whether it might not be poſſible, to find me out a Station, that would ſuit me. I loſt every Thing by her Death. No Perſon, but ſhe, loved me in the World, and I have no Compaſſion to hope for, from any other Mortal living, being intirely dependent on the Charity of others. I however regret her, and her perfect good Heart, rather than the Loſs of the Aſſiſtance I received from her. I would give my Life to recal hers. She died in a Lodging we had taken. There I remained alone, and they took from me a Part of the little Money ſhe left me. A Monk, her Confeſſor, took me from that Houſe, and put me into the Hands of a Man whom I will not name; whom he thought an honeſt and a charitable Perſon, and who deceived us both, being a Cheat in all Reſpects. However, he at firſt put me to one Mrs. *Du Tour*, a Linen-Draper. I ſcarce had been there two Days, but he ſhewed his bad Deſigns, by ſome Money and Preſents that he gave me, which I very juſtly ſuſpected, not to be out of any good Intention, any more than the Reſt of his Ways and Behaviour, which intimated nothing very honeſt. For at laſt, he was ſo bold and ſhameleſs, old as he is,

to

to declare to me, taking me by the Hand, that he was my Lover: That he underſtood I was to be his Miſtreſs, and that he was reſolved to put me in one of the remoteſt Parts of the Town, where he ſhould be more at Liberty to be in love with me, and no one know it; and where he promiſed to give me an Appointment, with Maſters of all ſorts, and other Signs of Magnificence, to which I anſwered, that I was ſtruck with Horror, to ſee him ſo monſtrous a Cheat and an Hypocrite. Lord! Sir, ſaid I to him, have you then no Religion! What an abominable Thought have you conceived! But I ſpoke in vain. This abandoned Man, inſtead of repenting, and coming again to himſelf, fell into a Paſſion with me: Called me an ungrateful little Wretch, whom he would certainly puniſh, if I ſpoke againſt him. He reproached me with his Money, ſome Linen he had bought me, and the Gown I now have on, which I ſhall pack up to Night, with the Reſt of his Preſents, which are bundled up already, for that Purpoſe, to ſend him back the Whole, as ſoon as I ſhall return to Mrs. *Du Tour*'s, who, on her Part, told me, that I ſhould leave her Houſe to Morrow Morning, becauſe ſhe is paid for my Board, only to Day. So that I know not to whom to apply for Aſſiſtance, if Father St. *Vincent*,

cent, from whom I came this Minute, who had, in the Simplicity of his Heart, directed me to this horrid Man, and to whom I have juſt told all, does not find a Place for me to Morrow, I ſhall be intirely deſtitute of Help. As I had juſt parted with him, I paſſed by, and came into your Church, becauſe I cried all the Way, and was gazed at by every one: And then, God inſpired me with the Thought of coming hither, my dear Mother, and of throwing my ſelf at your Feet, to implore your Aſſiſtance.

There ended my Diſcourſe, or if you will, my little Speech, in which I uſed no other Art but my Grief, which had its Effect on the Lady that was with us. I ſaw her wipe her Eyes. Nevertheleſs, ſhe did not ſay any Thing then, but let the Prioreſs anſwer me. This had honoured my Recital with ſome Geſtures of her Hand, and Motions of her Face, which ſhe could not decently have refuſed me, but I did not remark that her Heart had given the leaſt Sign of being moved.

Indeed, your Situation is moſt deplorable, ſaid ſhe, Madam, (For I was no longer *my lovely Child*, nor, *my Angel*. All theſe Endearments were ſuppreſſed.) But all is not loſt. We muſt ſee what this good Monk, whom you call Father St. *Vincent*, ſhall be able to do for you, added

ded ſhe, with the Air of a cold Compaſſion. Did not you ſay, that he undertook to find you a Place? He may ſerve you much eaſier than I, who cannot go out, nor conſequently manage any Buſineſs. We ſee and know hardly any Body; and, except this Lady, and a few others, who are good enough to love us a little, we are whole Weeks without receiving a Viſit. Beſides, our Houſe is not rich. We ſubſiſt purely by our Boarders, the Number of which is much diminiſhed of late. And then, we are much in Debt, and in ſo narrow Circumſtances, that I had the other Day the Diſſatisfaction, to be forced to refuſe a young Lady, a very promiſing Gentlewoman, who deſired to be one of our Lay-Siſters, becauſe we now receive none, though we want them much, becauſe they would be very chargeable to us, having but ſmall Fortunes. Therefore you ſee, how unable we are at any Rate to help you. I am indeed extremely ſorry for it. For you grieve me much, my poor Child! (*My poor Child!* What an Alteration of Stile! She had called me before, *lovely.*) You grieve me; but why did you not apply to the Vicar of your Pariſh? Our Society can afford you no other Help but their Prayers. We are not able to receive you; and all I now can do for you, is, to recommend you to the

Charity of our Ladies, that board with us. I ſhall make a Collection for you, and give you to Morrow, what I ſhall have got. A Collection, for an Angel! A very fine Propoſal, indeed!

No, Mother, no, replied I, in a ſharp and reſolute Tone. I have ſpent none yet of the little Sum of Money, my deceaſed Friend left me, and I did not come hither to beg Charity. I am of Opinion, that when People have any Thing of a Spirit, they muſt not deſcend ſo low as that, unleſs it be to ſave their Lives: And I ſhall let that alone, till I am reduced to that Extremity. I thank you.

And I ſhall never ſuffer, that a Girl of ſo handſome a Spirit ſhould be reduced to it, then ſaid the Lady, who had been ſilent all the While. Take Courage, Madam; You may ſtill depend you have a Friend left in the World. I will comfort and make you amends, for the Loſs of her you now regret, and it ſhall not be my Fault, if I don't become as dear to you as ſhe was formerly. Mother! added ſhe, addreſſing to the Nun, you may take her into your Houſe. However, as ſhe is a perfect Stranger to you, and it is but juſt, you ſhould know who it is that you receive, in order to remove all your Scruples, and to hinder People from criticiſing upon the vaſt Inclination, I have conceived

for this young Lady, we have nothing elſe to do but ſend the Maid that looks after the Door of your Convent to this Mrs. *Du Tour*, who is my Linen-Draper, and whoſe good Word will, no Doubt, juſtify both your Conduct and mine.

I preſently gueſſed by this, that ſhe would herſelf be very glad to know a little more of the Object of her Generoſity, and whom ſhe had to deal with. But pray take Notice, of the diſcreet and indulgent Courſe ſhe took, and with what Regard and Management, and what a pretty Addreſs ſhe concealed from me the little Uncertainty, ſhe could not but reaſonably be in, for a few Minutes, concerning the Truth of what I had related.

Thoſe Inſtances of Kindneſs and Good-Nature are invaluable. Of all the Obligations a noble and generous Soul can lay upon us, theſe tender Regards, theſe ſecret Kindneſſes, the Motions of an inward Sentiment, are the moſt moving and moſt piercing. I call them ſecret, for the Heart that beſtows them, does not put them upon the Score of another's Gratitude. It thinks, they are only perceptible to itſelf. It carefully hides them from you, and buries, as it were, the whole Merit of them. And this ſure is angelick.

For my Part, I preſently found her out. People, that have themſelves a little No-

bility of Heart, are admirable good Judges, of all Regards of that Kind, and ſoon take Notice of what is done for them in that Manner.

I threw my ſelf with Tranſport, though very reſpectfully, on the Hand of this charming Lady. I kiſſed it long, and bathed it in the moſt tender and delicious Tears, I ever ſhed in my Life. For, our Souls are lofty, and whatever carries in it an Air of Reſpect for their Dignity, penetrates through and quite inchants them. Our Pride is never ungrateful.

Madam, ſaid I to her, would you give me leave to write two or three Words to Mrs. *Du Tour*, and ſend them by the Woman, who is to go to her. I will ſhew you the Letter; and I conſider, that, in my preſent Situation, which ſhe is well acquainted with, ſhe might very well be afraid of ſome Trick, and not freely ſpeak her Mind. With all my Heart, Madam, anſwer'd ſhe. You are much in the Right. Pray, do you write to her. Mother! added ſhe, be ſo good to help us to a Pen and Ink. With Pleaſure, ſaid the Prioreſs quite ſoftened; and ſhe gave us them through the Grate. I made my Note ſhort, and it ran pretty near as follows.

" Madam, The Bearer of this Note " comes only to enquire about me. Be " ſo good to tell her freely, and with

" the greateſt Exactneſs, whatever you " know of my Manners, Character, and " all the Circumſtances of my Story, and " the Manner in which I was introduced " to you. I ſhould be much diſpleaſed, " ſhould you impoſe on any Perſon, in Order to ſerve me. Therefore, " pray make no Difficulty of ſpeaking " according to your Conſcience, without " minding what may or may not be advantageous to me. I am, Madam, — " *&c.*" Signed plain *Marianne.*

Which done, I gave the Note to my future Benefactreſs, who, after having read it, ſmiling, and with an Air which ſeemed to imply, ſhe did not want this to procure me Credit, gave it through the Grate to the Prioreſs, ſaying, Here, Mother, I believe you will be of my Opinion, that whoever writes after this Manner, fears nothing.

Extremely well, ſaid the Nun, when ſhe had read the Note; to a Miracle! Nothing can be better: And immediately ſhe rang a Bell for her Servant, while I was writing the Direction.

The Woman came in an Inſtant. She very reſpectfully ſaluted the Lady, who told her, " *A propos*, I ſaw your Siſter in " the Country. They are very well ſatisfied with her, in the Family where I " put her, and I have ſomething to tell

" you

"you of her," added ſhe, taking her aſide for a Minute, to talk to her privately. I gueſſed again, that I was my ſelf the Relation, of which ſhe was ſpeaking, and that ſhe was giving the Woman ſome Orders about me. And this I was almoſt aſſured of, by two or three Words, which the Woman dropped, with her Eyes fixed on me; ſuch as, Yes, yes, Madam; Let me alone, &c.

However, this Perſon took the Note, went out to carry it according as it was directed, and came back again, about half an Hour after. What the Lady, the Prioreſs, and I ſaid, during this ſhort Interval, I will not mention. The Woman was now returned. But I forgot one Particular, *viz.* That before ſhe came into the Parlour, another Servant came to tell the Lady, that ſomebody wanted to ſpeak with her in the next Room. She went thither, and ſtaid but five or ſix Minutes. She was ſcarce come back, but we ſaw the Woman returning with her Errand, who very likely had juſt left her, and who, with a well-boding Gayety, and with a ſort of friendly Tranſport for me, addreſſed herſelf firſt to me.

Good holy Virgin *Mary!* ſaid ſhe to me, What a deal of Good I have juſt heard of you! Madam! But I gueſſed as much before. You look to be juſt what you are!

Madam, ſaid ſhe, addreſſing to the Lady, you never could imagine, how many handſome Things they ſay of her. That ſhe is honeſt, virtuous, witty, and good-natured, civil and kind; in ſhort, the beſt Girl in the World. She is a Treaſure. Only they ſay, ſhe is ſo truly unfortunate, that her Diſaſters made both good Mrs. *Du Tour* and I cry. She has neither Father nor Mother. Nobody knows who ſhe is. She has no other Fault; and had it not been for the Fear ſhe has of God Almighty, the poor young Thing might have been in very good Circumſtances, Witneſs a very rich Man, whom ſhe turned off, for very good Reaſons, the Rogue! I will tell you all another Time. I only tell you the moſt material Things. As for the reſt, Madam, I did juſt as you ordered me. I did not tell Mrs. *Du Tour* your Name. She knows not who inquired.

The Lady bluſhed at this Indiſcretion of the Woman, which let me underſtand that it was me they had been ſpeaking of in private. And this Bluſh was a new Favour, for which I was no leſs grateful than for the reſt.

That's very well, Child, that is ſufficient, ſaid ſhe to her. Won't you come into the Convent to Day? added ſhe. Have you any Things to take from the Linen-Draper's?

Draper's? Will not you be obliged to go thither? Yes, Madam, replied I, and I ſhall be back again in half an Hour's Time, if you will give me Leave to go out.

Do, Madam, do, replied ſhe. I ſhall tarry for you. I then went. The Nunnery was not very far from Mrs. *Du Tour*'s, and I was there in a very little Time, notwithſtanding a ſlight Pain I ſtill felt in my Foot.

The Linen-Draper was chatting at her Door with one of her Neighbours. I came in, thanked her, and hugged her very heartily; and indeed ſhe deſerved it.

Well, *Marianne*, ſaid ſhe, you have, thank God, met with good Fortune. And then, ſhe put to me twenty Queſtions all at once; Who is that Lady which ſent to me? ſaid ſhe. I made ſhort with her. I am in a prodigious Hurry, ſaid I to her: I am going to undreſs me, and put this Gown into a Bundle, that is already begun above Stairs, and muſt be made an end of preſently. You will be ſo kind to take Care, that it is ſent this very Day to Mr. *De Climal*'s Nephew's. Yes, yes, replied ſhe, to Mr. *De Valville*. I know him. I furniſh him with Cloth. The very Man, ſaid I; I now recollect his Name; and as I anſwered, I went up Stairs haſtily into my Room.

As ſoon as I was got thither, I ſtripped that Moment, and put my old Gown on again. I packed the firſt up with the reſt of the Things. There was a ſmall Ink-horn, and a few Sheets of Paper, on the Table. I took and wrote theſe Words to *Valville*.

" Sir, It is but five or ſix Days ſince " I became acquainted with your Uncle " Mr. *De Climal*; and I know not where " he lives, or how to direct this Bundle of " Clothes, which are his, to him, and " which I beg of you to deliver him. " He made me believe, that he gave them " me out of Charity; for I am poor, " and I accepted of them, purely on that " Foot. But, as he did not tell me the " Truth, but deceived me, the Things " are no longer mine, and I return them, " as well as a little Money which he forced " me to take againſt my Will. I would " never have addreſſed my ſelf to you, on " this Occaſion, if I had Time enough " to ſend to a Recollect, called Father " St. *Vincent*; who thought he had done " me a Piece of Service, to bring me ac- " quainted with your Uncle, and who " will tell you, whenever you pleaſe, " Things, that will make you reproach " yourſelf for the Injury you have done " a poor Girl, that is afflicted, virtuous, " and perhaps not your Inferior."

Now, what do you think of my Letter? I was pretty well ſatisfied with it, and found it much better than I imagined I could have done it, on Account of my Youth, and Want of Experience. But, People muſt be very ſtupid indeed, if, having Sentiments of Honour, and being animated by Love and Pride, they did not expreſs themſelves with more than ordinary Strength and Fire.

This being over, I took the Bundle and went down. I ſhan't mention here ſeveral Things, which you will eaſily gueſs at. Such as, my little Box of Clothes, which I could not carry my ſelf, and which I had cauſed a Man to fetch down, who was employed by the whole Street, and plied at a very little Diſtance from our Shop: Such as, my Farewell to Mrs. *Du Tour*, who promiſed, that the Bundle and Note left for *Valville*, ſhould be carried, according to their Direction, in leſs than an Hour: Such as, a thouſand reciprocal Proteſtations of Friendſhip, this good Woman and I made to each other: As the Threatning of ſome Tears from her Eyes; for, ſhe did not cry quite, but I always thought, ſhe was about to let them flow. For my own Part, I ſhed Tears, for very Sadneſs. Methought, that parting with Mrs. *Du Tour*, and leaving her Houſe, was parting with a Sort of Rela-

tion, and leaving, as it were, my native Country, and that I was going, in God's Keeping, into a foreign Land, before I could know whereabouts I was. I was like one, who was carried off. There was ſomething too rapid for me, in the ſpeedy Succeſſion of the Events, that brought on my Change of Station, and as it were hurried me away. In ſhort, I knew not into what Place, or into whoſe Hands I was going to fall.

Beſides, do you reckon as nothing the Part of the Town I was ready to leave, which placed me in the Neighbourhood of *Valville*; of that *Valville*, whom, 'tis true, I had ſaid I never would ſee any more: But, it was very hard for me, to ſee my ſelf thus taken at my Word. I had reſolved never to ſee him again, but not to put it out of my Power to ſee him, which is a much more ſerious Affair. The Heart muſt not be managed thus bluntly. What helps it to be reſolute, in a Caſe like mine, is the Power of being weak: Which Power I muſt neceſſarily loſe, by the Alteration of my Station. It made me ſigh, and gave me ſuch a Heavineſs, that it ſunk my Spirits.

However, I muſt be gone. Well, now I am going. I told *Du Tour*, that it was to a Convent: But, how do you call it? That I don't know; nor yet the Street:

But

But I know my Way. The Porter follows me, and when he is come back, he will inform Mrs. *De Tour* of every Thing. And if ſhe happens to ſee *Valville*, ſhe will inform him in her Turn. Not that I would have her, tell him any Thing. This is only a Reflection I make in the Way, which amuſes me. Well, if he ſhould happen to know the Place of my Retreat, What then? What is that to me? Can that be of any Conſequence? Not that I know of. For, would he attempt to ſee or write to me? No ſure, ſaid I to my ſelf; *Yes ſure*, ſhould I have ſaid, had I anſwered ſincerely, and according to the comfortable Likelihood I ſaw in the Thing.

By this Time we got to the Nunnery. I came back thither, much leſs dreſſed out than when I went, and my Benefactreſs aſked me the Reaſon why.

Madam, ſaid I, it is becauſe I have put on again my own Clothes, and left at Mrs. *Du Tour*'s all thoſe, you ſaw me wear before, that they may be returned, to the Gentleman I ſpoke to you of, who gave them me. You ſhall loſe nothing by it, my dear Child, ſaid ſhe to me, hugging me in her Arms. After which, I went into the Convent. I came again to thank her through the Grates of the Parlour.

She then went away, and I remained a Boarder in the Houſe.

I ſhall have many Things to tell you, concerning my Convent. I knew there ſeveral Perſons. I was loved by ſome, and deſpiſed by others. I promiſe to give you the Hiſtory of my Reſidence there. You ſhall have it in the fourth Part. Let us finiſh this with an Event, which has been the Cauſe of my entering into the World.

Two or three Days after I was among theſe Nuns, my Benefactreſs took Care that I ſhould be clothed as well as if I had been her own Daughter, and on that Footing ſupplied me with whatever I could want. Judge thence, of the Sentiments I conceived for her. I never ſaw her but with the greateſt Tranſports of Joy and Tenderneſs.

They took Notice, that I had a good Voice, and ſhe would have me learn Muſick. The Prioreſs had a Niece with her, that had a Maſter for the Harpſichord, and he taught me too. There are Talents and Qualifications, ſaid this charming Lady, which are always of Service, what Kind of Life ſoever we take to. If you take the Habit of a Nun, they will give you a kind of Diſtinction in your Convent. If you go into the World, theſe

theſe are additional and very innocent Charms.

She came to ſee me every two or three Days, and three Weeks were already paſſed ſince I lived there, in a Situation of Mind very difficult to be deſcribed: For I rather endeavoured to be eaſy, than really was ſo, and I ſuffered not my ſelf to take Notice of what hindered my being contented, which was a ſecret Extravagance, that followed me every where.

Valville knew, no Doubt, where I lived: Nevertheleſs, I heard nothing of him, and my Heart did not conceive how that could be. *Valville*, even if he had found Means to give me News of him, would have got nothing by it; for I had renounced him; but I did not underſtand, that he muſt therefore renounce me. What an odd Turn of Mind was this!

One Day, as I was thinking of that, whether I would or not; (and it was in the Afternoon) they came to tell me, that a Servant wanted to ſpeak with me. I thought he came from my Benefactreſs, and I went into the Parlour. I hardly looked at the pretended Footman, who only ſhewed his Side-Face, and who with a trembling Hand preſented me a Letter. From whom do you come? ſaid I to him. You will ſee by the Letter, anſwered he, with as trembling a Voice, which my Heart

Heart knew again, much ſooner than my ſelf; for it reached it preſently.

I then looked at him, taking the Letter. I ſaw his Eyes fixed on me. What Eyes! Madam! Mine fixed on him too. We ſtood thus a while ſilent, and our Hearts had been, hitherto, the only Interpreters of our Sentiments, when one of our Women came to tell me, that my Benefactreſs was coming up, and that her Coach was already in the Court. Remark, that ſhe did not name her. It is your good Mama, ſaid ſhe to me, and then ſhe retired.

Lord! Sir, cried I, quite troubled and in a Hurry, to *Valville*; (for ſure you eaſily gueſs it was he.) Be gone. He anſwered only with a Sigh, and withdrew.

I hid my Letter, while I ſtaid for my Benefactreſs, who came in immediately. She had brought with her a Lady, whom I have loved very much ſince, and whom you will love yourſelf, by the Picture I ſhall give you of her, in my fourth Part, to which I ſhall join the Picture of that dear Lady, whom they called my Mama.

The End of the Third Part of the LIFE *of* MARIANNE.

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